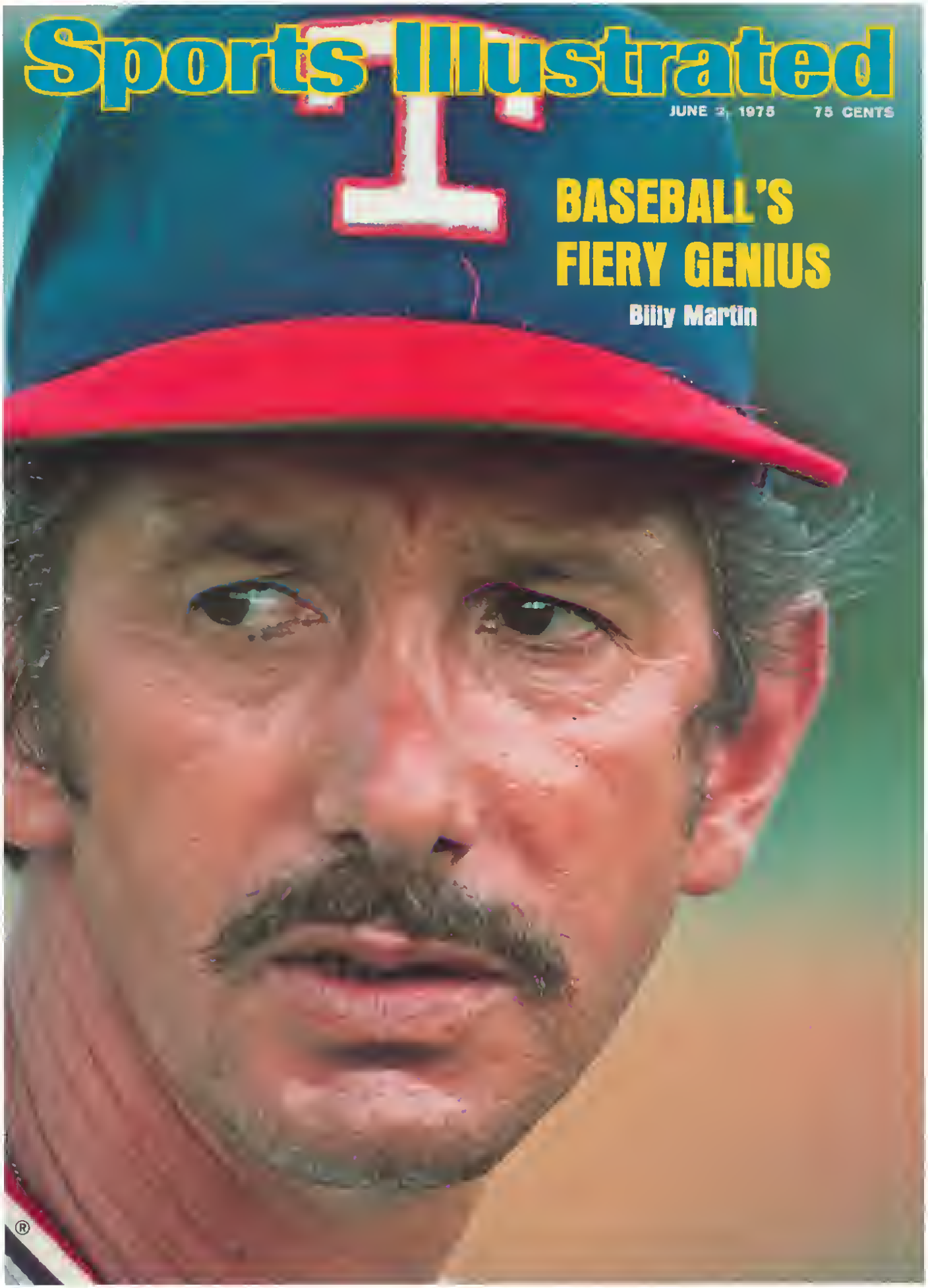

Sports Illustrated
JUNE 2, 1975
75 CENTS
BASEBALL'S FIERY GENIUS
Billy Martin


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THE LONGEST SEASON positively comes to an end as the Philadelphia Flyers and Buffalo Sabres, survivors of eight months and 90-odd hockey games apiece, decide who will have the Stanley Cup for the coming year.

THE INTERMINABLE WAR in Vietnam involved hundreds of thousands of young Americans, among them Rocky Bleier, then a little-known back with the Steelers. Bleier, who was wounded, tells of ignobility and heroism in combat.

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The new Fiat 131. It's not a dream car.



It's a reality car.

Part of the American dream has always been the American dream car. Bigger than it had to be, more powerful than it had to be, more expensive than it had to be. More a symbol of having arrived than a practical means of getting somewhere.

The way things are today, you'd assume that the dream car would have seen its end. But somehow it persists. Despite all the whoopla you've been hearing, in 1975 the average American car will weigh 4,000 pounds and get 13 miles a gallon.

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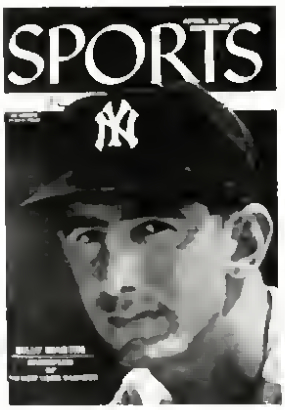


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FIAT

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

A staff member who has been with the magazine since its early days was passing through the art department recently when he spotted a proof of this week's Billy Martin cover. Martin, he recalled, had also been on the cover many years ago—on April 23, 1956 to be exact—and he wondered if that 19-year span was a record for length of time between first and most recent covers. He began digging and came up with the answer, along with other bits of cover trivia:



NEW RECORD: 19 YEARS

Yes, Martin's stretch is the longest, by two years. Second place, 17 years, goes to Willie Mays, first pictured on an April 1955 issue, when he was with the New York Giants, and again in May 1972, when he joined the New York Mets after his years in San Francisco. A month behind Mays is Gordie Howe (March 1957—March 1974).

With his appearance this week, Martin also joins a select group of athletes who have made the cover in all three decades of the magazine's history. Martin was also on in July, 1969 as manager of the Twins. Mays, Howe and Leo Durocher are in this category, too, as is Bob Cousy, a cover subject in 1956, 1961 and 1970.

Yet none of the above are among those who have appeared on the most covers. Muhammad Ali wins that one by a knockout with a total of 19 covers, 10 as Cassius Clay. Ali made his first appearance in June 1963 with Big Ben in the background (he was in London to fight Henry Cooper); his most recent was the last issue of 1974 in which he was honored as Sportsman of the Year. Ali, or any heavyweight champion, has an edge on other athletes since we tend to preview their fights as well as report them. Further, a fight is about the only event in which an athlete can come in second and still be sure to be in the picture.

Behind Ali came those two longtime rivals, Jack Nicklaus and Arnold Palmer, with 14 and 13 covers respectively. Kareem Abdul-Jabbar has 12 and Sonny Liston nine, although a number of Liston's are as the aforementioned second-place finisher. Other high-ranking cover subjects are Floyd Patterson, Joe Namath and Bill Walton (eight each) and Mickey Mantle and Jim Ryun (seven). Nicklaus holds the record for being on the cover the most years, 12, Palmer for the most consecutive years, eight. This last could be challenged by Abdul-Jabbar fans. On the Feb. 8, 1971 cover Kareem appears unnamed and fuzzy as Willis Reed drives to the basket. If you count that, Abdul-Jabbar has a string of nine years, dating to 1966 when he was Lew Alcindor of UCLA.

The longest cover name seemed at first to be a tie between Schoendienst (Red) and Ter-Ovanesyan (Igor), at 12 letters. But back on Nov. 18, 1963 we had a cover on a skier named Cindy Hollingsworth and her 13 is still the record. (That same year in successive weeks we ran covers on people named Vonderheide, Vanderbilt and VanderKelen, which must mean something.) The shortest last name is three letters: Ali, Orr (Bobby), Jay (Joey) and Coc (Charlie) are only a few. Should Taiwan's Mr. Lu win the British Open, the record could be his. The youngest cover person was 13-year-old Pamela Phillips, with her show horse (Oct. 31, 1955). Runner Marie Mulder was on at 15, Ryun at 17. Casey Stengel, 73 at the time, was the oldest.

Finally, this is the 1,067th issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. But you probably knew that.

Jack Meyer

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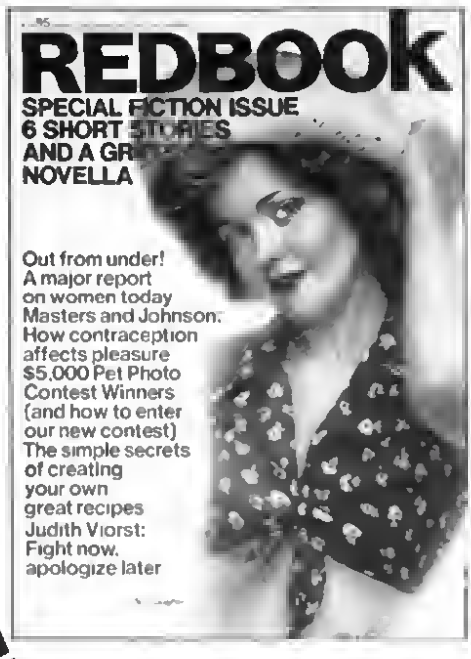
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Music Talk

by ROY BLOUNT JR.

LOCK, STOCK AND BARREL OF BEER, TOP NASCAR DRIVERS TAKE ON NASHVILLE

I generally don't want to hear an athlete sing, any more than I want to watch a singer swim or play ball. Or a pig play a piano, which is something you can watch at Opryland in Nashville. My brother-in-law Gerald watched it but wouldn't clap afterward. "I refuse to applaud a pig," he says.

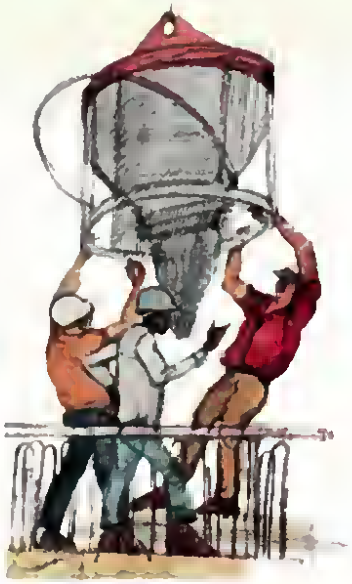
He might applaud, or at least commend, a pig for doing something unusual that had some connection with what a pig is supposed to do, though. It is in that spirit that I salute *NASCAR Goes Country*, a recent album from MCA ($5.99) in which six prominent stock-car drivers—Bobby Allison, Buddy Baker, Darrell Waltrip, David Pearson, Richard Petty and Cale Yarborough—sing 11 country-flavored songs with little strain. Driving has played a big role in country music. On this album we have *Mabellene* ("Rain water blowing all under my hood, but I knew that was doing my motor good"), *Six Days on the Road* ("Well, muh rig's a little old, but that don't mean it's slow . . ."), and *Her, Good Lookin'* ("I got a hot rod Chevy and a two dollar bill . . ."). The reason it is a Chevy instead of a Ford is that Yarborough sings it and he drives a Chevrolet. I don't think Hank Williams, who died in the backseat of a moving Cadillac, would have minded the switch. Or country star Marty Robbins, who when he cracked up a Dodge at the Winston 500 in Talladega, Ala. last month sang his song *El Paso* to himself to make sure he was still in one piece, and then quit racing for the fourth time.

None of the drivers rivals Hank or Marty at singing, but they are clearly at home with their material. One song that stands out is *Butterbeans*, rendered vigorously by Baker: "See that woman over there. The one with both hands in the air. She's not as pregnant as she seems. She's just full of butterbeans."

But my favorite is *Ninety-nine Bottles of Beer on the Wall*, which you seldom hear on a record. The drivers join in, and by the time they get down to six or seven bottles there is an argument going on as to whether it is six or seven, and a lot of glass breaking may be heard, but everybody—including the Jordanaires, who lend valuable vocal support throughout the album—is singing with a good deal of spirit. I don't suppose the Jordanaires, whom I associate with gospel, or stock-car drivers, who have to do so much careful driving, ever really drink beer to excess, but I don't mind a little stretching of the truth for the sake of a rousing album. END

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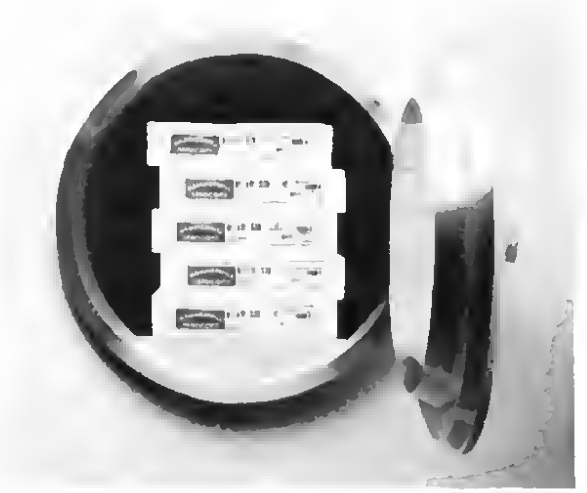
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SCORECARD

Edited by BOB OTTUM

SKATING FREE

At the moment it is a shadow no bigger than a goalie's mask, but the free-agent problem is starting to loom over the National Hockey League. Some 20 players, whose average annual salary is $75,361, will go out on their own this month, among them three of the league's top scorers—Boston's Phil Esposito, the New York Rangers' Rod Gilbert and Detroit's Marcel Dionne.

Although such things are supposedly top secret, the list of potential free agents sent to Montreal headquarters by each NHL club has been widely leaked. The free agent situation is something new for the NHL, but it was part of the 1972 agreement that forestalled antitrust action, and now owners on one side and player representatives on the other are braced for the worst.

Some of the contract action will revolve as much around infirmities as salary demands: fans will recall that the none-too-robust Gilbert, survivor of back fusion surgery some seasons ago, asked for a multiyear pact at $175,000 a year—and the Rangers told the 34-year-old winger goodby and good luck. Dionne, who balked at a reported $1 million, four-year offer from Detroit, got a similar response. Another problem involves the compensation clause, à la the National Football League: if either Montreal or Los Angeles meets Dionne's contract demands they will have to send players of comparable ability to the Red Wings or face binding arbitration.

Among other free agents are Captain Eddie Westfall and Billy Harris of the New York Islanders; Dave Keon and Norm Ullman of Toronto; Henry Boucha, Murray Oliver and Fred Barrett of Minnesota. Rick Dudley, Buffalo; Ted Harris, Philadelphia, and a few lesser lights, including Goalie Ron Low of the lowly Washington Caps, who wants $130,000 a year.

Esposito, meanwhile, having led the NHL in scoring five of the past seven seasons, is 33 and looking for long-term security. As luck would have it, he was holding up a World Hockey Association offer from Vancouver as a bargaining club, but Vancouver moved to Calgary and the deal died. In any case, the NHL no longer seems scared by WHL offers since that organization also is experiencing financial pinches. It looks like a long, hotly negotiated summer.

BEAUTY AT BAT

For those baseball fans so overwhelmed by the action that they miss the esthetics of the game, there is this heady note: the San Francisco Giants may be third in their division, but they lead the league in permanent waves. Six players have perms, seven if one counts Trainer Al Wylder. (It would have been eight, but Dave Kingman was traded to the Mets.) Third Baseman Ed Goodson puts it this way: "Even on the windiest days in Candlestick Park our hair jumps right back into place."

UP THE MIDDLE

Spring training went this way in the San Antonio area: three football teams from local high schools bellied up to a banquet table to see, for charity, which could gain the most weight by eating pancakes. In less than 40 minutes they gobbled up 2,636 pancakes, an average of nearly 44 per man. For the record, the winning MacArthur High team—otherwise known as the Big Macs—gained an average of 5.5 pounds per man for a total of 110.25 pounds. The MVP of the entire event was 202-pound Eddie Lee, who plays tackle for Alamo Heights High. He ate more than 50 pancakes to become a 222-pounder. They say he'll be back on his feet in time for the first game next fall.

NEW OLD GAME

As every big city resident knows, the numbers racket is running slightly ahead of apple pie in terms of things American, and officials have long been of two minds about this oldtime gambling activity. Since 1) the racket apparently cannot be stamped out as police would like, then 2) why not tap the revenue, a solution officials would dearly prefer? Just such an attempt was made last week in New Jersey and, while it is too early to detect any dismay among mobsters, the experiment clearly shows signs of bringing in big bucks.

Under the state's legal numbers game directed by its lottery commission, a bettor may plunk down from 50¢ to $5 on several variations of the game: a straight bet, in which he must correctly pick the day's three numbers in exact order, a combination or box bet, where three digits are picked and any combination will win, and a front or back-pair bet, where the first two or last two digits pay off. The numbers are drawn daily, and the payoff is based on the total handle, as at pari-mutuel racetracks.

If first-day action is any indication of how the New Jersey game will go, one can see gangsters scowling and chomping down on their cigars. Despite the usual computer breakdown, demand was enormous. 150,000 tickets were sold for a gross of $75,900—double the usual daily lottery action, which is clearly not as much fun. The first winning number was 810, and it paid $190 for 50¢, nearly 400-to-1 odds.

Whether or not they approve of gambling, other revenue-hungry states are watching the experiment. And with reason. Experts are convinced that the mob-controlled numbers racket is raking in up to $1 billion a year in New Jersey alone, and Lord knows how much elsewhere.

Move over, louse guys.

OLYMPIC REPORT (CONT.)

A few weeks ago, having looked in on Montreal's construction site, International Olympic Committee President Lord Killanin allowed that, "Barring a world cataclysm, there is absolutely no doubt the 1976 Olympic Games will open in Montreal July 17, 1976, as scheduled." Last week, however, with all building at a standstill because of a two-week walkout, Killanin was less sanguine. A Canadian delegation led by Montreal's silver-tongued Mayor John Drapeau and Roger Rousseau, president of the Montreal organizing committee, trekked to IOC headquarters at Lausanne with its scheduled progress report and Killanin was looking for some cataclysmic reassurance.

continued



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In the event of future labor troubles, he inquired during a three-hour closed-door session, would an alternative plan in Montreal be possible?

"I told them it was impossible," Drapeau said later. "If workers were to strike again and cause a breakdown at the main stadium site, do you think they'd stand around and let work continue on an alternative site?"

But the workers were not going to strike again, Drapeau assured the IOC. Furthermore, he said, the projects were so far ahead of schedule that the last stoppages merely ate into the schedule's lead time and that all construction would be completed by the promised deadlines.

There is little in Quebec's recent labor history that would seem to warrant Drapeau's optimism. Construction is a principal industry of the province these days, employing some 150,000 people and involving $4 billion annually. The labor organizations within the industry have grown powerful and obstreperous, and violent conflict between and within unions has surfaced more than once. Now that exposure of extensive corruption in the industry has forced the provincial government to begin legislating reform, it is reasonable to assume that there will be more disruption to come.

Nevertheless, the IOC—confronted by the confident and determined Canadians—did the only thing it could do for the moment. It hoped for the best. "The IOC has unanimously given its approval to the latest Montreal report and has declared its full support for the work of the organizing committee," the official statement noted.

The buoyant Drapeau, off to Paris, delivered himself of one last inspirational message. "Pessimism," he said, "is the product of lazy minds. I'm not lazy, so I'm not a pessimist."

OUT AGAIN

In another Olympic development last week the question of whether there would be a stadium in which to play became moot for the Rhodesians. At the same meeting in which it backed Canada, the IOC bounced the African nation from the 1976 Games.

The ruling climaxed a fervent campaign by 45 nations against Rhodesia's *apartheid* policies. It was not unexpected; in fact, the IOC taking a stand this far in advance of the Olympics is perversely welcome. Whatever the merits of the decision, it will forestall a repetition of the 1972 Munich crisis when Rhodesia was ousted at the last minute for the same reason.

CAP AND CLOWN

As the playoff seasons sink slowly into the summer, it should be noted that the World Stickball Association's year is over at last. The WSA, as everyone knows, is centered on the campus of Harvard Law School, a two-division, 12-team league with franchises selling for $2.50 each. As usual, several spirited promotions highlighted the season, including a senior citizens' day in which oldsters got in for half price while everyone else paid nothing.

At the championship Stick Bowl, the Los Angeles Tax Dodgers overwhelmed the Conshohocken-Manayunk All-Stars 1-0 when Pitcher Bobby Hinkle tripled home the winning run by lining the ball off the upper facade of Oliver Wendell Holmes Hall. Thus ended the year, though league publicist Jon Tillem noted, "We've also developed a golf game where you kick a tennis ball into a phone booth, and we're well into wall squash." It was a good thing, one innocent onlooker said, that all this nonsense wasn't going on during exam period.

It was.

PLAY NOW, DIE LATER

This week's statistical report of absolutely no consequence comes from the doodlers at Metropolitan Life Insurance, who have figured out that major league baseball players live longer than just plain folks. The study that produced this bombshell covered 10,079 players active at any time before the end of the 1973 season. Metropolitan's experts would have gone even deeper into history, but birth and death records were unavailable.

According to the study, big leaguers had a 28% lower mortality rate than white males in the general population. Four hundred and thirty-one baseball managers were also profiled. While they don't seem to live as long as players, their mortality rate is still 8% lower than that of the general population. The statisticians let that one go by like a slider, noting merely that the variance between managers' lifespans and those of the players "may reflect the pressure-to-win to which managers are subjected." Fair enough.

Feel free to toss these vital figures into the next cocktail party small talk. But when you get to the part about the managers, you might add that Cornelius McGillicuddy (Connie Mack) remained active to age 88 and died at 93, having won nine pennants and five World Series in his 65-year career as player and manager. So much for pressure to win.

TWO IF BY LAND

In any ordinary year the Ledyard Three-Day Event in Wenham, Mass. June 26-29 might go unnoticed outside the horsiest of circles. This year, however, one can bet one's jodhpurs things are going to be different. The British are coming, and riding for that visiting team will be Princess Anne and Captain Mark Phillips. May as well stop the presses right now.

ICING THE BUCK

Here is the long-range plan: a new, 1,200-seat hockey facility will be ready next December at Holy Cross. A 27-game season is lined up. Old Grad Mike Addesa has been hired as a football-and-hockey aide for now and one day expects to coach hockey full time. He hopes to recruit 12 top prospects, seven from the Boston area, a hockey hotbed. And here is the short-range plan: Holy Cross has provided one hockey scholarship.

THEY SAID IT

- Shirley (Cha Cha) Muldowney, the only woman licensed by the National Hot Rod Association, explaining what motivates her to drive a top fuel dragster: "I want to be the fastest woman in the world—in a manner of speaking."
- Eubie Blake, 92-year-old ragtime pianist, upon having a race named after him at Pimlico: "I wouldn't bet on a horse unless he came up to my house and told me to himself."
- Steve Wright, wandering offensive tackle, who most recently played for the Chicago Fire, on the wave of big-money offers being made by the World Football League: "I just got a million-dollar offer from the WFL. One dollar a year for a million years."
- Bill Veeck, on the role of baseball in life: "Baseball is the only orderly thing in a very unorderly world. If you get three strikes, even Edward Bennett Williams can't get you off." **END**


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Sports Illustrated
JUNE 2, 1975

SPLASHDOWN AT



THE SPEEDWAY

There were 65 miles to go when the rains came, as did Bobby Unser's Jorgensen Eagle, sluicing ecross the line to seize the Indianapolis 500

by ROBERT F. JONES



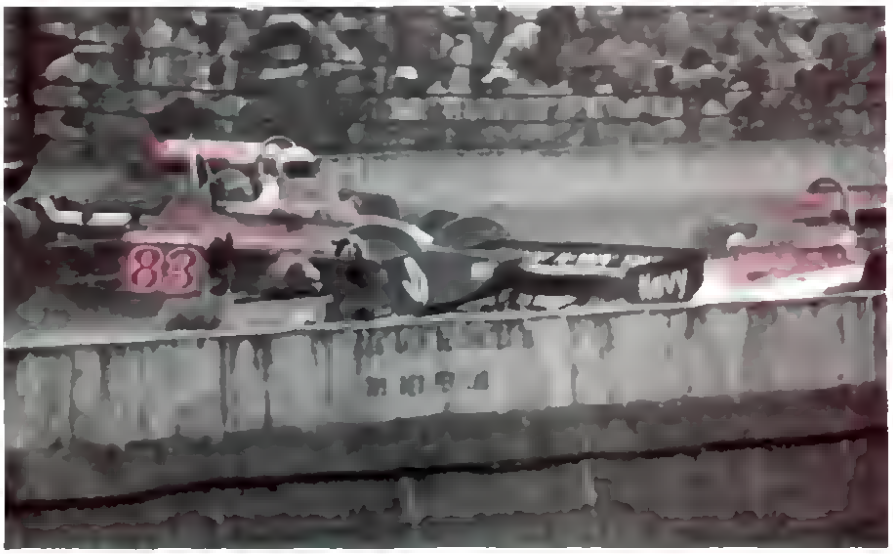
Happy endings are as rare in motor racing as five-second pit stops, but for Bobby Unser and his boss Dan Gurney the rain-lashed conclusion of the Indianapolis 500 was a delight. For Unser it was his second Indy win—his first came in 1968—and for Gurney, whose best finish as an Indy driver had been a brace of second places in 1968 and 1969, it was the end of a frustrating nightmare. But for everyone else involved the race was a mélange of confusion, disappointment, sweat, fire and ire.

When the 500 was red-flagged at the end of 174 laps—with 26 left to run—the most disappointed man on the 2½-mile oval must have been A.J. Foyt. This was supposed to be Supertex' year, what with his splendid pole-winning qualifying run two weeks earlier, his California 500 win in March and the prospect of an unprecedented fourth Speedway victory just around and around and around the bend. Foyt managed to lead the race for 47 laps during the early going, but his slick Gilmore Coyote could not stand the pace when Wally Dallenbach turned

Riding high and dry in the early going, Unser upset A.J. Foyt's splashy Gilmore Coyote.



continued



Skittering in the storm, the drivers lost all control as the red flag put an end to the race.

SPLASHDOWN *(cont'd.)*

loose his Sinmast Wildcat and A J. ended up in third place. (And when the race was over, in the hospital. Injury was added to insult because of an errant piece of metal in Foyt's cockpit: it had broken loose and become lodged under his rump, causing what the hospital called "contusions of the upper hip." But A J., ever determined, had refused to take the time to get out of his car to remove it.)

Second in the Disappointment Derby, though not in the race itself, was Dallenbach. His Day-Glo red Wildcat, prepared by the old master wrench, George Bignotti, was clearly the fastest car on the track. Dallenbach started from the seventh row and quickly charged to the front, taking the lead away from Foyt on the 59th lap and more or less maintaining it with ease for the next 100 laps. Then he burned a piston and dropped out, only very slightly consoled by $14,400 in lap-lead prize money.

Confusion was this year's lot of last year's winner, Johnny Rutherford, wheeling a green-and-white Gatorade McLaren. When the rain came slashing in from the west to end the race and send cars swirling out of control through the corners like so many bright leaves spinning down a gutter, Rutherford was approaching the finish, desperately squinting through the downpour for Unser, who he thought was just ahead of him—and for the checkered flag in case Unser wasn't. Bobby did indeed have the lead, however, and Rutherford had to be content with second place overall. As the thunder cracked and lightning stitched the dirty gray sky, Unser eased his blue Jorgensen Eagle across the finish line at a walking pace—it more closely resembled an automotive dog-paddle—to become Indy's 59th and most recent hero.

An eerie quality pervaded the entire race. It started the night before with a total lunar eclipse visible through the thickening clouds. The hooting, brawling crowds on 16th Street outside the Speedway grew strangely quiet as the eclipse progressed. The weather was hot and humid on race morning: temperatures in the mid-80s and the air thick enough to spread on a piece of toast.

A major concern of the 33 racers preparing for their day's deadly work was the track temperature, which reached 130° just before the start. A hot track could cause rapid heating of the slick racing tires and a resultant loss of grip through the corners. Gary Bettenhausen beat the heat problem by dousing himself with water just before the start, but unfortunately could not do the same for his tires. Toward the end of the race, the right rear wheel of his Thermo King Special collapsed as he entered the main straightaway. Keeping his cool, Bettenhausen bounced the car along the wall, peeling off paint and speed, and managed to come to a safe halt in the infield grass of Turn One.

For the second year in a row the start of the race—always the most dangerous moment—came off letter perfect. Gordon Johncock, in the second Sinmast Wildcat, leaped into a quick and commanding lead before he had even reached the first corner, with Foyt and Unser falling in behind him. By the third lap Johncock had opened up a 2½-second gap, while his teammate Dallenbach was gobbling up the slower machinery between his 21st spot on the grid and the front of the pack. Rumor had it that Dallenbach was picking up as much as 150 extra horsepower via a concoction of nitrous oxide being injected directly into the Wildcat's cylinders. Certainly the car was outrunning them all on the straightaways. By the seventh lap Dallenbach had rolled into fifth place with Johncock still in the lead. And then, two laps later, Foyt made his move.

As Supertex nipped past Johncock on the main straight a joyful roar erupted from the stands. It was followed by an equally heartfelt moan a short time later when another old favorite, Lloyd Ruby, retired on the backstretch. Luckless Lloyd, in the second of the Team McLaren cars, had done it again.

Then it was Johncock's turn to break a few hearts. He came limping around Turn Four on the 11th lap and coasted into the pits. All Bignotti's mechanical magic could not help him this day. He was out of the race. By now, however, Dallenbach had worked his way up to fourth place—behind Foyt, Rutherford and Unser—and was obviously just waiting for traffic to thin so he could make his run at the leaders.

Meanwhile, as Dallenbach dallied, it was time for the latest episode in the tragicomedy of Mario Andretti, racing's snakebite victim. Andretti had qualified on the second weekend of time trials, because of a Formula 1 commitment in Monaco (where he ran a luckless eight laps), and started the race from the ninth row. He worked his way smoothly up the middle of the pack and then on the 22nd lap came in for his first routine pit stop. It was a quick one, true, but when Andretti pulled back out into the pit road his engine died. Crewmen raced down to him and shoved him back to his pit, just under the scoring tower. Vroom! went the hand-held starter, hackety-hack, went Andretti's motor, and out he went—only to stall again near the end of the pit road. Only on the third try did he manage to regain the track, leaving weary red-shirted Viceroy crewmen panting in his wake. Some 30 laps later Andretti lost control in Turn Three and clipped the wall, taking himself and the car out of the race for good. At that, it was an anticlimax.

In the serious part of the race, Rutherford was dogging Foyt's tailpipes. When the yellow caution flag came out

for the first time, alerting the racers to Mike Hiss' tangle with the wall in Turn Three, the two leaders quickly pitted and nipped back out with no change in their positions. This was obviously going to be a race won by errorless pit crews—or so it seemed before Dallenbach turned up his boost. Dallenbach's first target was Rutherford, and he blew past his opponent handily to take second place behind Foyt. As the two cars entered the backstretch on the 60th lap, Dallenbach's Wildcat ate up the Coyote as if it were a hunk of kitty kibble. When Dallenbach opened up his lead to as much as 22 seconds over the next 250 miles, it looked like all A.J. could hope for was that the Wildcat would break down. His car simply could not run with Dallenbach's.

Farther back in the pack another drama was about to unfold. Young Tom Sneva, driving the Norton Spirit McLaren prepared by Roger Penske, was running a steady and smart race. Wheeling with a full load of fuel during carburetion tests on the Thursday before the race, the 26-year-old former junior high school principal had turned the fastest lap of the day—190-plus mph. And now, as the race neared the midpoint, Sneva was lying in fifth place, obviously planning to conserve his car for the distance while remaining in striking range and hoping the swifties would break or make a mistake. But the Indy 500 has a nasty way of turning the tables on even the canniest of drivers. The mistake, it turned out, was Sneva's.

As he poured through the short chute between Turns One and Two on the 127th lap, Sneva's left rear wheel drifted into Eldon Rasmussen's right front. Suddenly the Norton Spirit flipped end over end, its engine and rear wheels ripping away as the car broke to pieces against the wall, then came to rest in flames. It was as ugly a wreck as any the track has spawned, and only swift work by corner men—and the innate toughness of modern racing cars, not to mention their drivers—saved Sneva's life. When he was pried from the wreckage and staggered to his feet the crowd sighed with audible relief. Medics later reported that Sneva suffered burns on both hands, his face and his chest. "It's a helluva bad wreck—worst I've ever seen here," said Bobby Unser, who was just behind Sneva when it happened. "I couldn't tell the engine from the chassis. I made a split-second decision to go down low to avoid the debris and it happened to be the right one. God knows I've made some wrong ones in my time."

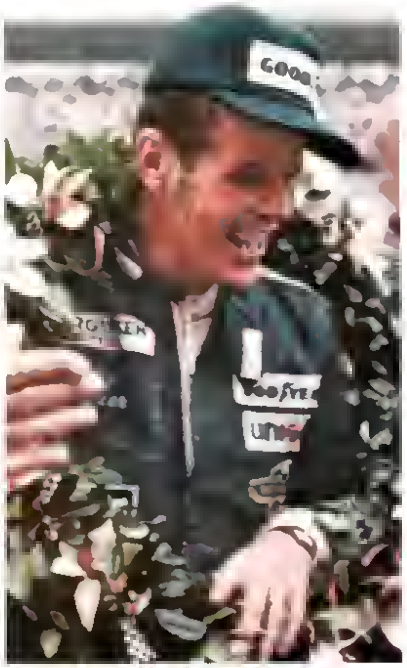
Fortunate as Sneva was, his crash caused considerable misfortune for at least two other drivers—and Foyt may have suffered the worst. In running over some of the debris left by the smashup, A.J. realized he might have damaged his tires. That necessitated a lengthy 45-second pit stop and put Foyt nearly a lap behind Dallenbach, Rutherford and Unser. No way now that he could hope to catch the leaders. Dallenbach, too, suffered severely. In ducking down onto the infield grass to avoid the wreckage, he may have picked up some junk in his intakes, for just 36 laps later he burned a piston and thus ended his chance of rolling away with his first Indy victory in 10 attempts. As Dallenbach came down the main straight his car let out a piteous bleating noise, like some huge mechanical sheep with a bellyache, and once again it was time for the crowd to groan. The Colorado charger has many friends among the washed and the unwashed. And now it was getting time for everyone to get washed.

The Indiana sky, which had been a dirty blue through most of the race, began to blacken. A fresh west wind whipped up great tan streamers of dust in the parking lots, and the flags on the Tower Terrace stands stood out straight.

Unser, having driven a low-profile race, began to stand on it, charging past Rutherford, who had pitted for fuel in preparation for his final dash at the checkered flag. Opening up a substantial lead on Gentleman Johnny, Unser felt confident that he had the speed to outrun his rival in a closing duel and now he, too, pitted briefly to top off his tanks. "There was no contest, really," he said later. "I outran Johnny earlier in the race when I was running with less boost and less power. My car was faster and there was just no doubt about it."

Still, driving through the darkness after getting the red flag, Unser had checked in on his crash-helmet radio to make sure he had won the race. "Is this it?" he crackled from the backstretch to Gurney in the pits. "You bet it is!" the boss replied, totally soaked, the rain plastering his hair down over his forehead. To radio and television interviewers rushing up with ready microphones, Gurney yelled, "He's O.K. He knows he's won. He's out there somewhere." And he pointed off into the storm.

Of course, we will never know if Unser's car really was faster, as he said, and that is the sadly inconclusive nature of any race ended by flukey weather. Who knows what might have happened over those last tension-wracked 26 laps? Certainly no one can begrudge the Jorgensen team its hard-won glory (or the $250,000 that the victory procured). It is just that it would have been a far more satisfying win for everyone concerned if it had been the Indy 500 rather than the Indy 435. **END**





Wreathed in triumph, Unser never doubted he would win; wrapped in gloom, Dallenbach and Johncock were knocked out with car trouble.



Behind a screan providad by ready-resarva George Johnson, series MVP Barry pops ona in.

THE WARRIORS WERE BULLETPROOF

Led by big gun Rick Barry and backed up by a host of able spear carriers, Golden State whipped Washington in four straight to win the NBA title

by PAT PUTNAM

Golden State? Ah, yes, Golden State. Consigned by experts to fourth place in the NBA Pacific Division even before the first dunk of the season, behind such powerhouses as Portland with Bill Walton (*Walton²*). Glimpsed again, in a rather loftier position, with Rick Barry headed for a super year even for him. Noted still later, when playoff time finally arrived, disposing of Seattle in six games and then Chicago in seven. Looked good as well as lucky there, but of course the next event on Golden State's calendar was a thrashing at the hands of whichever bully-boy team emerged from the Eastern playoffs.

And suddenly last week, there were the Warriors dismantling the overwhelmingly favored Washington Bullets and winning the whole thing, with everyone scrambling to figure out where they had come from. "Like the phoenix," said Golden State owner Franklin Mieuli, "we have risen from the ashes."

"I guess no one took us very seriously," allowed Alvin Attles, the Golden State coach.

How could anyone? Take the first game when the Bullets were playing poorly but still leading by 14 points at halftime. No sweat, said Attles. He reached for his bench and began sending in players of conspicuous anonymity: Phil Smith, Charles Dudley and Derrek Dickey. "They've got to be kidding," said the Bullets as they were being taken in by the joke 101–95.

Last year, Dudley, a guard, was doing graduate work at the University of Washington and playing in pickup games at the gym. The Warriors drafted him in 1972, then waived him, and he signed with Seattle, where he was cut after 12 games. Smith is a rookie guard from the University of San Francisco. Dickey is a second-year forward out of Cincinnati.

After the first game, in which Smith scored 20 points in 31 minutes, a Washington reporter cornered him in the locker room and demanded, "Who are you?"

"What?"

"Who are you? I mean, if you had to introduce yourself to the American public what would you say?"

Smith thought. "Well, I'd say, 'Hi, I'm Phil Smith from the University of San Francisco.' "

The Bullets were embarrassed by the loss but not overly concerned. All week

they had been reading that this would be the greatest mismatch in NBA playoff history. Can you believe Keith Wilkes, a rookie, trying to stop Elvin Hayes, and giving away three inches and 45 pounds to boot? And what could Center Clifford Ray do on the boards against *both* Hayes and Wes Unseld.

Washington had gambled on the playoff schedule, but even that didn't seem to matter. The original setup called for the first two games to be played in Washington, the next two in Oakland and the remaining games to be alternated. Then it was discovered that the Ice Follies had first call in the Oakland Coliseum and that the Warriors couldn't play the fourth game in the Cow Palace, their alternate site, because of a karate championship.

Because it had the better season record, Washington had two options: play the first game at home and the next two in San Francisco, or open away and then play the next *three* at home. "Three straight at home sounded good," said K.C. Jones, the Bullets coach, "but I didn't want them to win that first game." He opted for opening at home.

But the Warriors won anyway, and the action shifted to San Francisco. "Things will be different," said Unseld, Washington's massive center.

With Barry scoring 36 points, Golden State came from 13 back to win the second game 92–91, Washington missing two shots in the last six seconds. Then the Warriors made it 3-0 by winning 109–101. Toward the end of that game, the Bullets had looked bad—flagging and disorganized—as they were being manhandled by Barry, who got 38 points, and other unheralded bench warmers like George Johnson, who put in 10 points and grabbed nine rebounds after taking over from Ray at center.

At that point the Bullets realized that things might never be different, that no team in the NBA's 28-year history had ever come back from a 3-0 deficit in a championship final. And before the fourth game they began to think in losers' terms. "It's very important that we get a couple of victories, even if we lose the series," said Unseld. "We need it for the future. For next year, for our state of mind. If we don't, there's so much humiliation all summer."

The Warriors had murdered the Bullets on the boards, thereby choking off Washington's running game. Someone finally remembered that the Warriors had led the league in rebounding.

"We don't have that one big rebounder," Attles said. "What we have is eight guys getting eight each. Everybody is involved. Sometimes I think when you have that one big rebounder, everyone else has a tendency to stand around."

No Warrior stood around in the series. Attles sent in his troops in waves, and they came serambling and scraping and swarming at the Bullets. "We go at you 12 different ways," said one of the Warriors. "The Bullets don't know which way to bite. They don't know who is going to do it to them, they just know it's going to happen." By the end of three games, Golden State's reserves had scored 115 points. The Bullet bench had seored only 53.

"They're plain outhustling us," said Mike Riordan, the Bullets' master of the hustle. "No, that's not quite it. We're hustling as much as ever, but we're doing it in spurts. They are sustaining theirs longer. And they are getting to the loose balls, to the rebounds, cutting off the easy baskets."

The hustle factor is an appropriate introduction to the catfish which animated the Warriors. At the end of last season, when the Warriors lost six of their last seven games and a place in the playoffs, Mieuli decided someone else ought to run the club, which he had personally directed with little success since 1963.

"Lou Mohs, a former general manager of the Lakers, made up my mind for me," Mieuli said. "He told me one day that if I was going to be successful in pro basketball I'd have to get a catfish. I said, 'A what?'

" 'A catfish,' said Mohs. 'My father and a friend fished together for 26 years. Same place, same bait, same everything. But the friend always caught most of the fish. Finally, after 26 years my father asked him what he was doing differently. The friend reached over and opened his bait bucket and in it was this big old ugly catfish. He had those minnows stirred up like crazy. Franklin, that's what you need. A big old ugly catfish.' "

Done, said Mieuli, who had been accused of becoming too emotionally involved with his teams. He brought in Dick Vertlieb as general manager and chief executive officer. "You're my catfish," said Mieuli.

Vertlieb's first move was to sign Wilkes and Smith, the Warriors' top draft choices. It was the first time Golden State had signed a No. 1 pick since 1969. Then he tradęd veteran center Nate Thurmond to Chicago for Ray, $500,000 and a first-round draft pick. And signed Dudley and Bill Bridges as free agents.

"I was just lucky," said the Catfish. "Wilkes and Smith were picked before I came and I just had to sign them. And to be honest, we traded Thurmond because I needed cash to carry out some other things. We got Ray, but I was just hoping to maintain the team. I didn't think he would improve it. And Dudley—shoot, I was just doing a favor to a friend who suggested we give him another tryout. With the deals I've made, Al Attles has bailed me out. The job he and the athletes have done. I've just been real lucky."

"I see they are calling us a team of destiny," said Attles for his part. "I guess that means they're trying to say that we're not a very good team. We play hard, we're tough and that's why we win. No one likes us, no one thought we should be here. But I'm not saying prayers. There aren't any old ladies going to churches making novenas for us to win. This team is good. That's why we are winning."

Charles Johnson, one of the starting guards, shook his head. "Hey, man, this isn't a religious happening. This isn't due to transcendental meditation working in some mysterious way. This is us."

In the first three games the slender Wilkes held Hayes, who had averaged 27.0 in the playoffs, to point totals of 29, 15 and 24. "Destiny? That's a little heavy," said Wilkes. "It's more like making Elvin work for his points. Pushing him out, fronting him, making him play defense and tiring him out. Then what happens, happens."

What happened last Sunday was that the Warriors race-horsed through another of their patented comebacks, this time from 14 points down and minus Attles, who had been ejected following a near-brawl in the first quarter, and won the fourth game 96–95. That one team would sweep the series was not too surprising; that it was the Warriors who did it stunned even those who in recent days had become believers. But really, what else would you expect from a team that hires a catfish to run its operation. **END**

THEY DIDN'T HAVE THE FOGGIEST IN THE FINALS



With pea soup rolling in on their playoff series, Philadelphia and Buffalo discovered why "Meyday" is an international signal for distress.



I wouldn't take my boat out in these conditions," said Philadelphia Goaltender Bernie Parent last week after the stifling heat and oppressive humidity in Buffalo—a city which has not yet discovered air conditioning—forced the Flyers and the Sabres to play two Stanley Cup games in a fog that would have kept America's Cup yachts in port. The pea soup rolled in midway through Tuesday's third playoff game and settled waist-high all over the puddly ice, lifting only when the players were sent out en masse to circle the arena and stir up Memorial Auditorium's dead air.

The Sabres and the Flyers wearily skated into overtime, and after 18 minutes of lingering death Buffalo's Gilbert Perreault moved through center and shot the puck cross-ice into the Philadelphia zone. Parent, who could barely make out the shadowy figures in the middle of the ice, never moved. "I didn't have the foggiest notion where the puck was until I saw Jimmy Watson turn for the corner," he said glumly. By the time Parent reacted, Buffalo's Rene Robert had blasted the puck into the net—and the Sabres had defeated the Flyers, 5–4.

"I'll put some windshield wipers on my mask next game," Parent cracked.

"Maybe we should tie fans to our backs," joked Buffalo's Larry Carriere.

However, Philadelphia Coach Freddie Shero hardly thought the conditions were a laughing matter. "Someone could get killed," he said, "and even hockey players don't make that much money."

When the fog returned during Thursday's game, which Buffalo won 4–2 to tie the championship series at two games apiece, the Sabre management unveiled a revolutionary new system for fog control: they had five teams of arena attendants, each armed with a bed sheet, skate around the ice and wave off the fog voodoo-style. "When are the Martians landing?" Parent asked. Back in their air-conditioned Spectrum Sunday afternoon, Philadelphia celebrated the unlimited visibility with a 5–1 win to take a 3-2 lead in the series.

—Mark Mulvoy

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY DONNA

AND THE YU-I FLOWED LIKE WINE

Good spirit. Friendship. That was the mood that intoxicated everyone as U.S. athletes peacefully invaded China for the first track and field competition ever conducted between the two countries

by JOHN UNDERWOOD



Before the opening meet in Canton the two squads marched across the track hand in hand, led by Head Coaches Ou Wei-ten and Bob Giegengack.

The Chinese coaches came with their pads and pens and clustered around the American coaches. They sat in chairs covered with delicately embroidered doilies and white slipcovers, and sipped green tea and drew on their Chung Hwa cigarettes, the best yuan can buy, and nodded politely when U.S Coach Bob Giegengack told them they would be 10 years catching up with the track and field world. They asked him why they could not do it in five.

Leaning forward anxiously in their seats, they hung on the words of Dick Hill and Leroy Walker and the other American assistant coaches, each of whom conducted separate seminars in various techniques. Walker told them champion runners were not built in a day, nor champion vaulters and leapers, nor champion throwers of things.

Giegengack is the track coach at Yale, 68 years old and set in his words. He does not dispense them just to have something to say. He uses words as oratorical trapezes, for gymnastics. There in Canton's Tung Fang Hotel, where the ceilings were high, the beds hard and the plumbing grunted ominously through the night, and again in Shanghai's immaculate Ching Chiang Hotel, in luxury even the most hardened capitalist could appreciate, Giegengack gave his Chinese seminarians "fulcrum and lever principles" as they applied to this event or that, and "the center of gravity" as it related to the proper length of a man's stride, whether he runs 400 meters or is just trying to get in out of the rain. He gave them "Archimedes' Principle" and he gave them "inertia." He commented later that while he may have lost a few in translation, "They laughed at my jokes." He recalled that it was just recently that the universities of the People's Republic of China went out to lunch for five years, their professors reintroduced to the rice paddies while the country treated itself

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB DAUGHERTY



400-meter runner Debra Sepenter laughs with new friends.

to .. "Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution." In a situation like that, Archimedes is bound to suffer. Besides, Giegengack admitted, how many American coaches could relate fulcrums and levers to a 16-pound shot? The Chinese smiled and scribbled on their pads and asked for more.

"They are very bright," Giegengack concluded after the first 10 days of *Yu-i-Ti-i, Pi-sai Ti-erh* (Friendship First, Competition Second) in China, "and they're in a very big hurry."

To go where? To be athletically fit at the highest level, to get good enough to show the revisionist Russians a thing or two, to take a flying leap into the 1976 Olympics (providing, according to their oft-repeated proviso, that Taiwan gets booted out), to set another good example for the youth of China and other underdog nations, to make friends and influence people, maybe even to help the underdog AAU in its struggle to overcome the reactionary NCAA.

It was the AAU, after receiving the Chinese invitation last winter, that put this remarkable track show on the road, and in China these past two weeks the *yu-i* flowed like wine, although in the days before the border crossing from Hong Kong there had been some swelling of doubt among a pocket of Americans in the 95-man party. Because so little was known of the Chinese teams and because the Chinese had provided so little information in advance (not even a definite meet schedule or hotel assignments), sandbag theorists predicted an ambush. The American squad was reasonably representative, but for one reason or another a number of the very best athletes had stayed home. High jumper Dwight Stones told *The New York Times* that "Nineteen days with the AAU anywhere would be unbelievable."

But track and field is hardly China's national pastime. Table tennis, badminton and basketball rank far ahead of it. Yet track and field is an international attention-getter, especially at Olympic time, and it is a sport where lever-fulcrums of influence and power are, alas, not infrequently used. The Chinese obviously want to get into the act. From nowhere they finished a respectable third to Japan and Iran in the 1974 Asian Games, accumulating a sampan full of medals. Still, only one of their track and field athletes—7′6″ high jumper Ni Chih-chin—had ever performed up to Olympic standards, and in the Asian Games, Ni had been off form at 7′1″.

Tall, trim, remarkably similar in appearance to Taiwan's 1960 Olympic silver-medal decathloner, the UCLA-educated C. K. Yang, Ni was on hand to pay his respects when the train bearing the American squad pulled into humid Canton for the first of three two-day meets. He is now head of the athletics division of the All-China Sports Federation but, it was explained, he no longer competes. He had been injured and was getting old (32). He did not have time to talk with the American press, being "very busy" hosting and toasting the official American party.

Ni or no, the Chinese teams from southern (competing at Canton) and eastern (Shanghai) provinces offered little in the way of competition for the American men, who won the dashes by yards and the longer races by as many as two full laps and could only hope for sterner stuff against the Chinese national team in the third and last meet in Peking on May 27–28. In four days of running, jumping and *kuan-hsi*, as this kind of interpersonal relationship is called in China, the Chinese led in *kuan-hsi* by a mile and the Americans in about everything else. Of the 66 events at Canton and Shanghai—20 for men, 13 for women at each meet—the Chinese won four, all in the women's field events. There, precocious teen-agers from China's

continued





The Chinese beamed at the amiable greetings of long jumper Al Lenier, were awed by the splendid size of cheerful shotputter Maren Seidler.

"athletic schools," where gifted youngsters are properly coached "to bring glory to the motherland," stood out.

In Shanghai a radiant 18-year-old named Chi Hai-chen and a 17-year-old named Li Li finished 1-2 in the high jump, both, to the amazement of some Americans, using the Fosbury Flop. They said they had seen it in a film but had never heard of the original Flopper, 1968 Olympic champion Dick Fosbury. In Canton discus thrower Kao Yu-kun respectfully appealed to Linda Langford for help, then outthrew her by two feet.

But the Chinese men were outclassed. "I doubt they could beat a good U.S. college team," Giegengack said, and then quickly qualified the remark (see what *kuan-hsi* does to a man, even a Yale man?), pointing out that their techniques—notably Russian- and East German-influenced—were sound, their spirit undeniably willing, their flesh absurdly unlimited. "Nine hundred million Chinese," Giegengack sighed, "and they all ride bicycles. That can't be bad."

Hill and Walker talked respectfully of the Chinese but noted that they were lacking in some essentials. The distance runners floundered, after good early foot, apparently unschooled in the difference between quantity and quality work. The shotputters, discus throwers and hammer throwers do not lift weights ("We get our training by jumping up and down," said one Chinese coach) and are not strong enough. The jumpers and vaulters are not fast enough. "They're amazed at the way we stomp the ground," said Dick Hill. "We rip it up, going down the runway. They go at a steady pace and barely make a mark."

Hill and Walker asked the Chinese coaches about their goals—the Olympic Games? In '76? In '80?—but were told that was of no concern. Learn now, play later. With the International Olympic Committee meeting in Lausanne to discuss China's admission, the Chinese were willing to repeat only the party line: that there is only one China, and Taiwan is its province.

It was clear enough after two meets how badly they wanted to learn and that the Americans were there as their guests *and* to be learned from. The Chinese athletes dogged the footsteps of their American counterparts, mimicking them and conversing with them by hand signals. The coaches watched and listened. They showed no embarrassment at the lopsided results. "It was what we expected," said one Chinese coach.

In truth there was not much face to lose. The crowds, which were large and enthusiastic, represented no more than a thimbleful of people by Chinese standards. There was no television. Word of mouth goes just so far.

But what were those few who actually saw the crazy Americans to think? Not about the way they crunched along the cinder tracks, making huge divots and winning race after race, but about their strange collections of clothes and near-clothes, of hairy and hairless men—sprinter Don Merrick with his corn rows, distance runner Dick Buerkle with his bald head and his infectious attempts to make conversation any way he could ("*¿Se habla español?*" he crooned as he ran with one smiling Chinese) and their unabashed forwardness. A girl in the stands, a student of philosophy at a nearby university, looked over this phenomenon and said politely, "Each country has its own habits and customs." It made her "warm inside," she said, "to see the friendship between the two peoples."

The Americans partied on their floor at the Tung Fang in Canton with Yu-chuan beer and mao-tai, the high-proof white lightning favored for toasting by Chinese state officials and American presidential parties. The floor jumped to the early hours, and next day a somewhat chastened American girl runner was rueful. "What will these wonderful people think of us?" she said. "Never mind," a liaison man replied, "they think you're all barbarians anyway." But he smiled when he said it.

Smiles, in fact, were the order of every day. Miles and miles of smiles. A track team by its nature is a Whitman's Sampler of flavors: jiving sprinters, introspective distance runners, cocksure weightmen. In their official blazers and gray made-in-Taiwan slacks (an oversight), the Americans looked similar enough, but once they unwound it was a sight to see. There in egalitarian China, now a nation of baggy pants and blue and gray Mao jackets and Sun Yat-sen tunics, suddenly appeared an army of purple-striped and yellow-flecked this-and-thats, braless, backless, bare-legged, in grubby Adidas shoes and clumpy sandal platforms, all of them armed with offensive Nikons and Kodaks and zoom lenses.

The Chinese seemed overwhelmed by such Brunhildes as Maren Seidler, a 6′1″, 195-pound shotputter, and Patty Van Wolvelaere, a 5′7″, 136-pound hurdler with no square sides. Who was in short shorts. And a T shirt. And braless. Not something you'd see in your everyday commune. One man in a rumpled blue jacket stood watching Patty for a long time, as if he did not believe it, and only when she turned and saw him did he back away. "I can't understand it," she said innocently. "I'm dressed just like the other guys."

Under banners that read, "Long live the friendship between the Chinese people and the athletes of the various peoples of the world," the Chinese did their best to run impeccable meets. The field officials were in solid white; there were no national flags, no anthems, no insignias on the Chinese athletes; international rules were said to be in effect. After the first day, the Chinese complained to Giegengack, "Friends to friends," about American athletes exhorting their teammates (against the rules), and calling out lap times (same thing) and wandering around with brand names showing on their fronts, backs and bags (same). Giegengack gently pointed out a few things the Chinese were allowing (coaching on the field, for example), and said he knew the rules, too. The Chinese smiled and all was quickly smoothed over. *Kuan-hsi* rides again.

As he left the stadium on the last day in Shanghai, Dick Hill watched the red-clad Chinese athletes smiling and waving and clapping the backs and shaking the hands of the Americans boarding the buses. He said he marveled at their potential but wished they would not try to do it all themselves—Chinese coaches teaching Chinese athletes without letting their charges be exposed directly to foreign experience. "They could get there almost overnight," he said, "if they didn't have so much pride."

His companion recalled a visit two days before to a turbine factory outside Shanghai. The U.S. athletes were hitting all the high spots—hospitals, communes, deaf-and-dumb schools, revolutionary ballets (each one credited to "the great leader Chairman Mao"). A poster listing workers' production figures had been put up in front of the machinery. A curious American athlete peered behind the concealing poster and saw a word on one machine. "Milwaukee," it said, in capital letters. **END**

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BITTEN BY THE BIG BAD BOAT BUG

The zealots who cannot shake the unlimited hydroplane habit open the new season in the certain knowledge that heartbreak lies around the bend

by COLES PHINIZY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN-ARMYTAGE

After 15 honest years of handling lesser brutes, in 1973 Tom D'Eath, a 29-year-old Michigan boat driver, got his first try in an unlimited hydroplane. When he moved up into the biggest class of them all, D'Eath joined an elite group of boat owners, drivers and mechanics of assorted genius and curious disposition.

In the Kentucky Derby a jockey named Shoemaker once stood in his stirrups too soon, costing his irate backers a bundle. At the Masters a golfer named de Vicenzo once signed an incorrect scorecard, thereby losing a chance at a green blazer and a bundle. In 1908 a base runner named Merkle blew a pennant by failing to touch a bag, and in 1929 a California football player named Riegels lost



Storming over Miami's Biscayne Bay at 150 mph, Weisfield's wins the 1975 opener.



Bill Schumacher: for once a perfect trip

the Rose Bowl by running the wrong way. Such freakish turns of fate, occasional in other sports, are commonplace in unlimited hydroplaning. Scantily defined, an unlimited hydroplaner is a mystical mix of optimist and masochist. To survive he must believe in winning while reveling in the fact that at any moment, for one unforeseen reason or a hundred others, he may end up with egg on his face.

Two years ago, when Tom D'Eath joined the unlimiteds, or "thunderboats" as they are also called, he brought with him the sort of track record and bloodlines that horse fanciers respect. He had won three national titles in the 2½-liter class and held the straightaway record in that category. His father was a thunderboat hero of the Guy Lombardo era; his brother has a winning record in three limited classes. As might be expected, in his rookie season D'Eath finished in the ruck driving *Miss U.S.*, an old boat owned by George Simon, a Detroit tool manufacturer. Despite his bloodlines and competence, last year in a spiffy new *Miss U.S.* furnished by Simon, D'Eath did even worse. He got into the water by the one-minute warning gun for only 10 of the 34 heats run that year, and on four of those 10 occasions never made it across the starting line. In one race *Miss U.S.* began handling like a berserk hay wagon, in another her throttle cable froze and in another her battery failed – such are the ills that these boats are heir to. Midway in the season in her opening heat for the Gold Cup, the classic contest of unlimited hydroplane racing, by the luck of it poor *Miss U.S.* came up against the hottest boats in the fleet. *Pay 'n Pak*, the 1973 champion; *Miss Budweiser*, the 1973 runner-up; *Atlas Van Lines*, driven by Bill Muncey, the biggest winner of all; and an experimental turbine-powered boat called *U-95*. D'Eath led for two laps, or until *U-95* blew up and sank, stopping the action. In the rerun of the aborted heat D'Eath was again in the lead when his gear box disintegrated, blowing hot metal through a fuel cell and burning *Miss U.S.* to the waterline.

Any thoroughbred horse that performs as badly as *Miss U.S.* did last year runs the risk of being shipped to a meat-packer, but thunderboating is a different kind of sentimental game. And to judge by the record, George Simon, owner of *Miss U.S.*, is the gamest kind of sentimentalist. He has owned unlimited hydros for 20 years. Back in 1962 Roy Duby piloted one of his hulls to and fro over a straight mile at an average speed of 200.419 mph to set a world propelled-craft record that still stands. His boats have won almost every unlimited honor, but never the cherished Gold Cup or the annual title. Bernie Little, owner of rival *Miss Budweiser*, says of Simon, "George gets inspired. When he hears his boat firing up, he is ready to bet a bundle on it, and when he is in that kind of inspired condition, the rest of us can pluck him like a chicken."

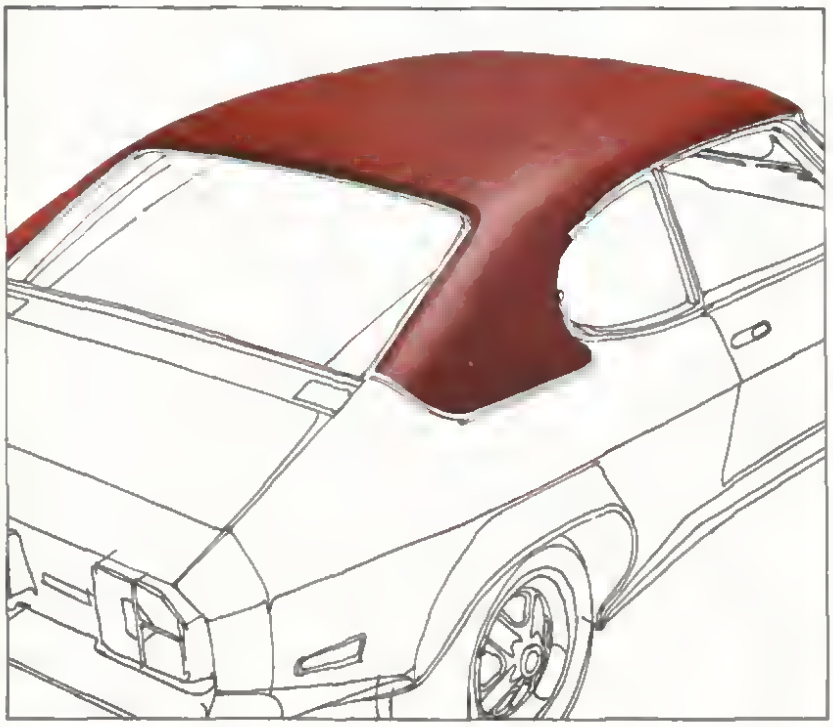
Be all that as it may, this past winter Simon had *Miss U.S.* rebuilt. Last week in Miami in the Champion Spark Plug Regatta, the first race of the 1975 season, *Miss U.S.* went back into action with Tom D'Eath again at the wheel. And how did they do? Worse than ever. On the first turn of the first lap of the first heat *Miss U.S.'s* ignition failed; her intake took in water. In the second heat, while boiling along at a comfortable 150 mph seconds before the gun, *Miss U.S.* was washed out by the rooster tail of an overeager rival.

Nobody should consider getting into thunderboating unless he is willing to be unlucky. The anxious mother who does not want her boy to become a driver should take the following precautions. first, never let the kid get his hands on any outboard motor, not even the tiniest Evinrude. One horsepower often leads to another and before you know it the kid has a helmet and life vest. Second, never take a child near Seattle or Detroit in the summer. The unlimited hydro bug is particularly virulent in those areas at that time.

A boy may grow up devoted to stamp collecting and fern pressing, but that does not guarantee that he will not later succumb to a pastime like thunderboating. There is a bit of the motor-mad Toad in many adult males, and no one can be sure when or how the mania will crop out. Consider the case of 39-year-old David Heerensperger. From his teens on, in the process of carving out a living, Heerensperger, present owner of two-time champion *Pay 'n Pak*, rarely had time for anything more frivolous than high school baseball in Longview, Wash. In 1963, three years after he opened his first electric store, he saw a news item about a sunken hydro, *Miss Spokane*, that had

continued

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been salvaged and was going for $5,000. For reasons he does not try to explain, Heerensperger momentarily lost his good business sense and went for it.

For two years he campaigned the boat, renaming it *Miss Eagle Electric*, after his business. He spent $28,000 and won nary a purse. Realizing that to campaign properly would cost more than his whole business was then worth, Heerensperger got rid of the boat. He swore off even attending races, but the bug still had him. After two years of total abstinence he was back.

Because of all the twists of luck, now and again an upstart driver in a lesser boat outscorches the top dogs, but the life span of such supernovas is usually brief, their exits often made with a loud bang as half a dozen connecting rods burst through the walls of their old and overtaxed engines. The only adequate power plants available today are antique Allison and Rolls-Royce engines made 25 and more years ago for fighter planes. In wartime the engines were designed to cruise at about 2,200 rpm and were redlined around 3,500. In hydros they are pushed up to 4,500 rpm to turn propellers at better than 13,000. When so pushed the old engines frequently blow. Broken rods and broken hearts are the order of the day. Coming out of a turn when his blower is behind schedule, so to speak, the driver of a modern thunderboat caresses a button on his steering wheel two or three times, adding nitrous oxide, a heady compound better known as laughing gas, to his fuel to effect a faster burn. If he is a pennyweight too heavy on the button, within five seconds it is goodby engine. The old engines, which originally cost around $30,000, could be bought just after World War II for $125. Off the shelf they now go for $5,000 and, race-prepared, for twice that.

The three-point hulls used today are still undergoing change by the tedious process of trial and error. Whatever breakthroughs the future may hold, the hulls forever will be a compromise between what runs well flat-out on a straight and what is necessary to survive in the brawling uncertainties of the turns. Today when boats are hitting 180 mph on straights and lapping at 115, the driver who does not back off enough and catches a sponson in one of the queer holes that suddenly appear in the troubled water of a turn can easily spin his boat full circle and end up on the obit-

continued



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report, Oct. '
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uary page. For all its whims thunderboating is still a percentage game, and the owner or sponsor who is not willing to put $125,000 into it annually is not apt to get anywhere.

It is logical enough that a town like Spokane, in a heartland of the sport, might have a community-sponsored hull named *Miss Spokane*, but no one visiting Madison, Ind. would suspect that such a quiet old town could be similarly afflicted by the bug. In the early 19th century, before the railroads went west, Madison was a busy Ohio River port. Today it is in large part a memory, a showplace of gracious architecture by early 19th century masters. A bawling hydro no more fits into the Madison scene than a stable of Indy cars would in Colonial Williamsburg. Nonetheless the town has harbored, patched, repatched and campaigned a succession of *Miss Madisons* for 14 years, winning almost nothing. The most that can be said for the effort is that some of *Miss Madison's* drivers have gone on to greater things. One of them, George (Buddy) Byers, is now the commissioner of thunderboating. Another, Jim McCormick, drives *Pay 'n Pak*.

McCormick is a mechanical contractor by trade, a boat driver by preoccupation. Before he bought a 280-cu.-in. inboard racer by mistake in 1963, casual water sports were his recreational bag. (His wife Bonnie remembers that he spent an inordinate portion of their honeymoon wearing a face mask in the bathtub to find out how long he could hold his breath underwater). McCormick never saw a boat race, real or televised, before he ran in one in 1963 against two dozen hot-shot 280-inch hydroplaners at the Calvert Trophy regatta in Louisville. McCormick took fifth in his heat to make the final round. In the finals, running third, he popped his propeller shaft 100 yards from the finish line. His score for the day was DNF, but he was hooked.

When McCormick applied for the job aboard *Miss Madison*, his wife cottoned to the idea. Working on his own boat had consumed much of his spare time; if he became the exalted jockey of a thunderboat, he would have loyal monkeys to tinker it into shape for him. The *Miss Madison* management apparently entertained some doubt about how long its association with McCormick might last. Despite his suggestion that his name be painted on the boat, as is the custom, they declined to do so.

At Tampa in 1966 McCormick won his very first heat in an unlimited hydro, blowing off great ones like *Miss Budweiser* and *Miss Smirnoff*. When he ended up third overall in the three-heat race, the *Miss Madison* management wrote his name on the hull with a felt-point pen. His next race was the President's Cup in Washington, and McCormick relates, "In the first heat I break out ahead. I am blowing and going. Then I hit the first turn and scattered our only engine all over the Potomac. In a word, I really garbaged it." It was not only a bad day for McCormick, but also the darkest day in more than a half century of unlimited racing. Three of the 13 drivers were killed. "That one bad day," McCormick says, "cooled my wife off real quick."

Although the money didn't mean much to him, the following season McCormick left *Miss Madison* for better rides in hulls like *Notre Dame* and *Atlas Van Lines*. By 1970, however, he was back with *Miss Madison*. But as if there were not enough freakish disasters on the racecourses, *Miss Madison's* chances were dashed before the season began. While the crew was trailering her through Georgia en route to the first race in Tampa, a drunk driver coming out of a side road broadsided them and knocked the 28-foot hull off her rig.

The following year was *Miss Madison's* finest. After the first three races the 12-year-old boat stood second in championship points. The classic four-heat Gold Cup competition is bid for annually by interested communities, and in 1971 by fluke the consistently low-bidding town of Madison was the only one that made an offer by the deadline. Going into the last heat with a solid chance to take the Gold Cup in its home waters, the crew told McCormick, "We are either going to win or blow you sky high." They drilled out the nitrous oxide orifice and the fuel orifice and added nitromethane to the fuel, and somehow the quivering bomb held together. "When *Miss Madison* won the Gold Cup right in Madison," McCormick remembers, "they damn near burned down the whole town."

At the next race, in Paseo, Wash., *Miss Madison* won again to take the lead in championship points. Apparently giddy with success, at a race in Seattle the crew got the engine timing off 180 degrees and blew out the front end. "The dream ended about there," McCormick says. "We finished second that year, which is not bad for a volunteer crew, an antique boat and a fouled-up driver."

The winner of the first race of 1975 in Miami last week was a boat called *Weisfield's*, which unsuccessfully campaigned in 1974 as *Valu-Mart* (the whimsies of thunderboat naming would give a horse breeder fits. Not only do drivers jump from boat to boat, but boats change names with abandon. For example, the latest *Miss Budweiser*, the seventh so named, was *Pay 'n Pak* a few years ago and the *Valvoline* now active on the circuit ran last year as *Miss Technicolor* and sometimes as *Miss Cott Beverages* and also as *Miss Northwest Tank Service*).

Bill Schumacher, the two-time national champion who drove *Weisfield's* to her Miami win, led the sort of early life that worries mothers. He was bombing around racecourses in five-hp outboards at 30 mph at the age of eight. Before moving up to beefier stuff he won three national titles and set competitive and straightaway records in the 9- and 12-year-old classes. By the time he was 15 he was driving four different hulls in eight classes. In one weekend regatta at Devils Lake, Ore. young Schumacher ran 30 heats in 11 different classes.

Schumacher has been in and out of thunderboats for a dozen years, injuring himself seriously only once. In 1971 on the same Miami course where he won last week his rudder linkage failed while he was traveling 155 mph, putting the boat into a 360-degree spin and throwing him out. A year later he quit a boat in midseason because he considered the debris-filled waters of a racecourse too dangerous. "There is risk enough in the sport," he says. "I am not interested in playing Russian roulette."

It was expected that the 1975 season would be a red-hot competition between the defending champion, *Pay 'n Pak*, and *Miss Budweiser*, *Atlas Van Lines* and *Weisfield's*, but in Miami *Weisfield's* had it all her way. She won both her heats and the final round for a perfect score of 1,200 points. Only one boat got within two mph of her hot pace in qualifying and competitive laps. In thunderboating, for sure, one race does not a season make. Given enough time and the usual quota of freakish bad luck, even the best of the big boats may blow up, wash out or spin out. Now and for all time it is a game with slings and arrows aplenty, a game where the only certainty is uncertainty. **END**

Allie Ritzenberg is the top-ranked pro "in town"—that portion of Washington, D.C. inhabited by tennis-playing movers and shakers

NET RESULT: A CAPITAL GAME

by BIL GILBERT



PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY TRIOLO



As her car wended its way through the hotel grounds heading back toward the White House, Mrs. Kennedy had the driver halt for a moment while she waved to Allie Ritzenberg, who gives her tennis lessons on the White House court.

—WASHINGTON STAR, May 19, 1961

In Washington when a person is said to be "in town" the geographical designation is precise. The Capitol-Library of Congress-Supreme Court complex is in town, but Union Station and the Central Post Office are not. The federal buildings along Independence, Constitution and Pennsylvania avenues are in town, but nearly everything on New York, Michigan or Georgia is not. Chevy Chase, Md. and McLean, Va. are in town, but Falls Church, Va. and Hyattsville, Md are not.

Spreading out to the northwest from the walled gardens of the old port of Georgetown along both banks of the Potomac is a three- or four-mile-wide belt of botanically and culturally remarkable forest. It is a gaudy growth of magnolias, camellias, rhododendron, azaleas, dogwood, redbud, quince, crab and cherry, grape leaf, hollies, yews, passion and clematis vines, boxwood, larch, birch and bamboo. Deep in this exotic and hybrid wood live established Senators and long-term Representatives, the better class of judge, attorney, diplomat and military officer, influential journalists, consultants, lobbyists, spies and gossips. This is in town in the Washington sense.

Somebody who does not live in town might consider Allie Ritzenberg obscure. But in the ways Washington measures influence—unlisted phone numbers in one's address book, first names one is legitimately entitled to use, and the quality and clout of the professional and social company one keeps—the 56-year-old tennis professional ranks with the bureaucratic best.

One Saturday morning three summers ago Ritzenberg was sleeping late in his home in the forest. The phone rang. It was a tennis pupil who wanted Allie to come out and play. Ritzenberg suggests that he was mildly surprised by the call because everybody in town knows he does not practice his profession on weekends. Admittedly, the circumstances were special. Just the night before, the caller had accepted the Democratic nomination for President.

"I told George I'd be glad to hit a few with him," says Ritzenberg. "I said we could play here on a neighbor's court or we could go down to the club [the St. Albans Tennis Club, a tennis complex on the National Cathedral grounds that Ritzenberg has organized and operates].

"George said every reporter in Washington was looking for him, and what with that and security we needed some place more private. We ended up going out to Virginia and playing at Ethel's.

"I saw George a few times during the campaign, spent a week with him in the Black Hills. That was when the Eagleton thing was breaking so it was hectic but we were able to play and talk occasionally."

"About what?"

"We were talking in confidence. Later in the fall George called one afternoon from a hideout on the Eastern Shore. I drove down and George and Eleanor were the only ones there. I'll take that back, I think an NBC fellow was down there too, but in any event we had a very pleasant afternoon."

As has often been remarked, despite the national and international character of its business, Washington is a surprisingly insular community. For example, most residents of the forest are firmly convinced that Allie Ritzenberg invented the tennis boom. There is a kind of serene confidence that anything civilized, significant or excellent must have been discovered along the Potomac or early on been approved of by the residents of these bottomlands.

"It makes me look like kind of an ass to say so, but there is some truth in that tennis boom business," says Ritzenberg. "We helped enthuse a group of bright, attractive, popular people. Their interest helped to publicize tennis. You might say

continued

I was one of the dynamite charges that set off the explosion."

Ritzenberg has spent the better part of 45 years trying to make something out of tennis. He started his career on the playgrounds of the old, village Washington in the late 1920s when Congressmen still rode the Cabin John trolley to work. At that time a racket was about as improbable a tool for achieving fame and fortune as a buggy whip or parasol. The early going was slow and erratic. Along with several local championships, young Ritzenberg won a year at a now defunct prep school that wanted to make a splash in tennis. Having splashed, and collected additional hardware for his trophy case, Ritzenberg left, and graduated in 1936 from Central High.

Ritzenberg went to the University of Maryland as a student-athlete. "I guess if I wanted to stretch the point I could say I was recruited," he says, "but it didn't take much to recruit a tennis player then. What it amounted to was that if you really needed to you could sleep in the coach's attic or borrow a couple of dollars from him." So far as the student part went, Ritzenberg received a degree in sociology and later earned a master's in the same subject at George Washington University.

"People in Washington will fawn on athletes as they do elsewhere," says one of those reliable sources of which the city has so many. "I suspect that they may fawn just as genuinely as anybody else, but in town the practice is to act as if it were amusing. Somebody will show up with a quarterback or a first baseman as they might borrow a tame cheetah from the National Zoo and bring it to a party on a leash. With Allie it has always been different. His constituency is the best-and-brightest crowd. They are articulate. They pride themselves on being strenuous, knowledgeable and socially aware if not liberal. Allie is just as bright as the best of them. He can go one-on-one with any of them about Cesar Chavez. [Perhaps even one-on-two, since Ritzenberg has been a vegetarian since his student days.] He is a fine tennis pro but he could also run an embassy or a campaign. This gives him an entrée, a kind of class that most jocks in town do not have."

In his senior year at Maryland Ritzenberg was the Middle Atlantic Intercollegiate and Southern Conference champion. On the strength of these titles he approached the athletic director and asked if the school would send him to Philadelphia, where the National Intercollegiate championship was being held.

"He asked me how much it was going to cost," Ritzenberg remembers. "I said I thought about $50 for train fare up and meals and a room while I was there. Then he asked me if I would win. I told him that I couldn't guarantee that but I thought I'd probably get to the semis. He said in that case—if I wasn't going to win—it wasn't worth $50."

Ritzenberg stayed home, thinking about life in general and tennis economics in particular. "I thought about going to law school, even teaching," he says, "but I was a restless-youth type, 20 years before that style became popular. I wore my hair long, ate vegetables, batted around in scruffy clothes. I knew what I really wanted to do was stay with tennis. The normal way then to make money was to play the amateur circuit. I thought maybe I was good enough to play but I couldn't afford to stay on the tour until I had reputation enough to get paid. So the year I got out of school I turned pro, giving lessons at Woodmont Country Club. This was not the route most people went in those days, especially in Washington, which was a golf town."

During World War II Ritzenberg spent 27 months in the South Pacific, which altered but did not halt his tennis activities. Negotiating and where necessary liberating equipment, he made tennis courts out of Australian ant hills ("Not a bad surface—fast drying") and New Guinea cinders and played a few sets, often with top Australian players, from Darwin to Manila.

He returned home to coach at Georgetown University and country clubs, to put on tennis clinics and exhibitions from the suburbs to the inner city. "The community center adult education circuit was the toughest. I'd charge 50¢ a head for group lessons and you didn't pick up a racket until you had collected all those half dollars. If you were a couple of minutes late somebody was likely to want a refund. They wanted a full 50¢ worth of tennis. Very tough."

In retrospect this was a useful period. "I learned how to teach anybody," Ritzenberg says. "I mean anybody, no matter what age or background. I showed them how to improve and to get more pleasure out of the game. The tradition then was for a teaching pro to concentrate on players with competitive possibilities, good young athletes, but there aren't very many of them, which is why few people were making a living teaching tennis. I work with tournament players or potential tournament players. That kind of teaching is interesting from a technical standpoint. If the good athletes come to me, fine, but I don't go looking for them. I get as much satisfaction and probably make more money from taking somebody who may not have much ability and showing him how to improve. All my pupils have a distinctive style. It is very fluid and relaxed. I've been told there is a similarity between the kind of tennis I teach and the ballet. The idea is to enjoy the feeling, the movement of the body rather than just enjoying scoring points. I teach pleasure tennis."

By 1960 Ritzenberg had worked himself into a strong position in Washington. He had taken over and refurbished four courts at the old Wardman Park Hotel. Shortly thereafter he set up the first public indoor facility in the capital, a court in a residential area near the National Institutes of Health (he currently has an interest in eight indoor courts). About this time the New Frontiersmen arrived. "They had a feeling that the good life was the strenuous life," Ritzenberg fondly recalls.

Indeed, one spring day in 1961, Ritzenberg received a call that the President's wife would like to receive tennis lessons on the White House court.

"She didn't have the athletic background of some of the Kennedys, but she was well coordinated and improved her game considerably," Ritzenberg says.

Very shortly the word was around town that Jackie was playing tennis and Jack was watching and that their pro was Allie Ritzenberg and therefore tennis was terrific and old Allie was terrific. There was a terrific run on courts, rackets and Ritzenberg.

Ritzenberg is sensitive to the suggestion that he is a Camelot creation on the order of Pierre Salinger, Sunday touch football and the Peace Corps. He points out that he had learned the hard way how to teach his classy brand of pleasure tennis long before the Kennedys cut any ice as trend setters; that he had been assiduously promoting the game when few others thought it chic.

The reasons may be debated, but indisputably Washington went—and has remained—bananas about tennis. Ritzenberg is a classic example of a man in

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the right place at the right time. Happiness in town became getting on one of Ritzenberg's courts; true bliss was taking lessons from Allie. The 10 half-hour teaching sessions Ritzenberg offers on each of his five weekly working days were so sought-after that they became hot raffle and door-prize items at charity and political fund raisers.

Among those whom Ritzenberg has taught and whom out-of-towners might be expected to recognize are the Achesons, Bakers, Bayhs, Busches, Buchwalds, Cafritzes, Califanos, Dominicks, Eagletons, Flanigans, Grahams, Heinzes, Hoffbergers, Javitses, Kennedys, Lindsays, McCarthys, McGoverns, McNamaras, Mondales, Peabodys, Pells, Pereys, Restons, Rockefellers, Rowans, Scotts, Stevensons, Sorensons, Symingtons, Tunneys, Tydingses, Wickers, Zimmermans.

A peculiarity of Washington-Ritzenberg tennis is that early morning, the earlier the better, is the prized time to take a lesson or play. It is generally conceded that Robert McNamara had a good hit to do with establishing this custom. "Bob showed up right on the dot at seven on his days," says Ritzenberg. "He would be reading a paper when he got there. He'd put it down, get out of his car and walk onto the court. We'd go exactly half an hour and he'd get back in the car and go off to the Pentagon."

The early slot was presumably both a matter of convenience and necessity for a Secretary of Defense, World Banker or the equivalent. But it is also designed to put pressure on nonequivalents. After all, if Bob is playing at dawn, who wants to look so idle, so little in demand as to be seen taking lessons in the warm afternoon sun?

"Bob was so punctual, took his tennis so seriously, that even before we heard anything about it we knew something big was happening during the Cuban Missile Crisis period," Ritzenberg says. "Bob missed one morning, but he was decent about it; he sent his driver to say he was tied up. When he came back and started playing again, nothing was said, but I figured things were settled."

In somewhat the same way, Joan Kennedy's tennis pro knew about her pregnancy long before the professional gossips because the Senator's wife called to ask that her lesson schedule be changed to later in the day and to explain that it was not for frivolous reasons.

Ritzenberg goes on: "The first time I met Mary, she said, 'If you are as good as you are supposed to be, why do you charge so little?' "

"Mary who?"

"Mary Lindsay. This has always been a first-name place. It is just not a situation in which anybody pulls rank, I suppose because there is usually so much rank standing around."

"What did you tell Mary when she said you were underpriced?"

"I thought she had a good point. I raised my rates." (They are now $30 a lesson.)

"Who's the best woman player in your—how would you put it?—celebrity squad?"

"Maybe Joan, but a lot of the girls are frightened by Ethel because she has such a reputation for being competitive."

"What about the men?"

"Right now probably John."

"John?"

"Senator Tunney."

For the most part the hard core of Ritzenberg's tennis following is made up of those who came to town or prominence during the Kennedy and early Johnson administrations and who have continued to hang around either because they enjoyed the amenities or are waiting for the political wheel to take another turn.

Though for the moment it may lack some of the high-court glitter it had a decade ago, Washington tennis has proved to be more than a passing fad. The game established itself on a very high plateau of popularity, influence and, in a business way, affluence. There are now some 100 indoor courts in the Washington area and who knows how many public and private courts outdoors.

"We turned an old warehouse into courts last year," Ritzenberg says. "This hardly provides elegant ambience but the courts are well-surfaced with AstroTurf. Also they have very low humidity; in fact, the building may even be a little drafty. Moisture has been a problem on some other indoor courts—among other things, hairdos fall apart. I called Maxine Cheshire at the *Post* and she ran a paragraph or so that said these courts were so dry you could play without wrapping a towel around your head. We sold $15,000 of court time in three days—mostly to women."

At the 10-court St. Albans Club, which remains Ritzenberg's headquarters, the waiting list for one of the 300 or so memberships is so long that there may not be an opening for 10 years. However, exceptions are made for exceptionally congenial people. The exact membership requirements, in addition to a $250 a year contribution, have always been flexible, but some indication of the St. Albans congeniality test may be indicated by the following:

Ritzenberg's office and pro shop is in a kind of pillbox overlooking the courts.

"So," says Ritzenberg, answering the phone, "how are things at Common Cause? Good. Thursday? Let me look. Maybe we can work you in just before lunch. Kit's canceled out. She's going to Montego."

An assistant is opening the mail, specifically an envelope with a Senate Office Building return address. "What kind of a Senator is so-and-so? He wants in."

"He is a very rich kind of Senator," contributes a bysitter. "Big on oil, big on digging up Wyoming, big on the depletion allowance."

"File it," says Ritzenberg.

Despite his personal bias, which is openly liberal and Democratic, Ritzenberg's tennis establishment is desegregated so far as politics is concerned. On the club rolls a John Tunney is balanced by a Bill Brock, a Califano by a Magruder, Stevensons by Pereys, Buchwalds by Restons.

Considering its sustained popularity, the St. Albans Tennis Club is not overtly impressive. The 10 courts are aging, adequate but not exceptional. Nor are the club regulations extensive or involved. It is suggested that white be worn. Nobody can reserve a court at any time. You join the club and take your chances about finding an open court.

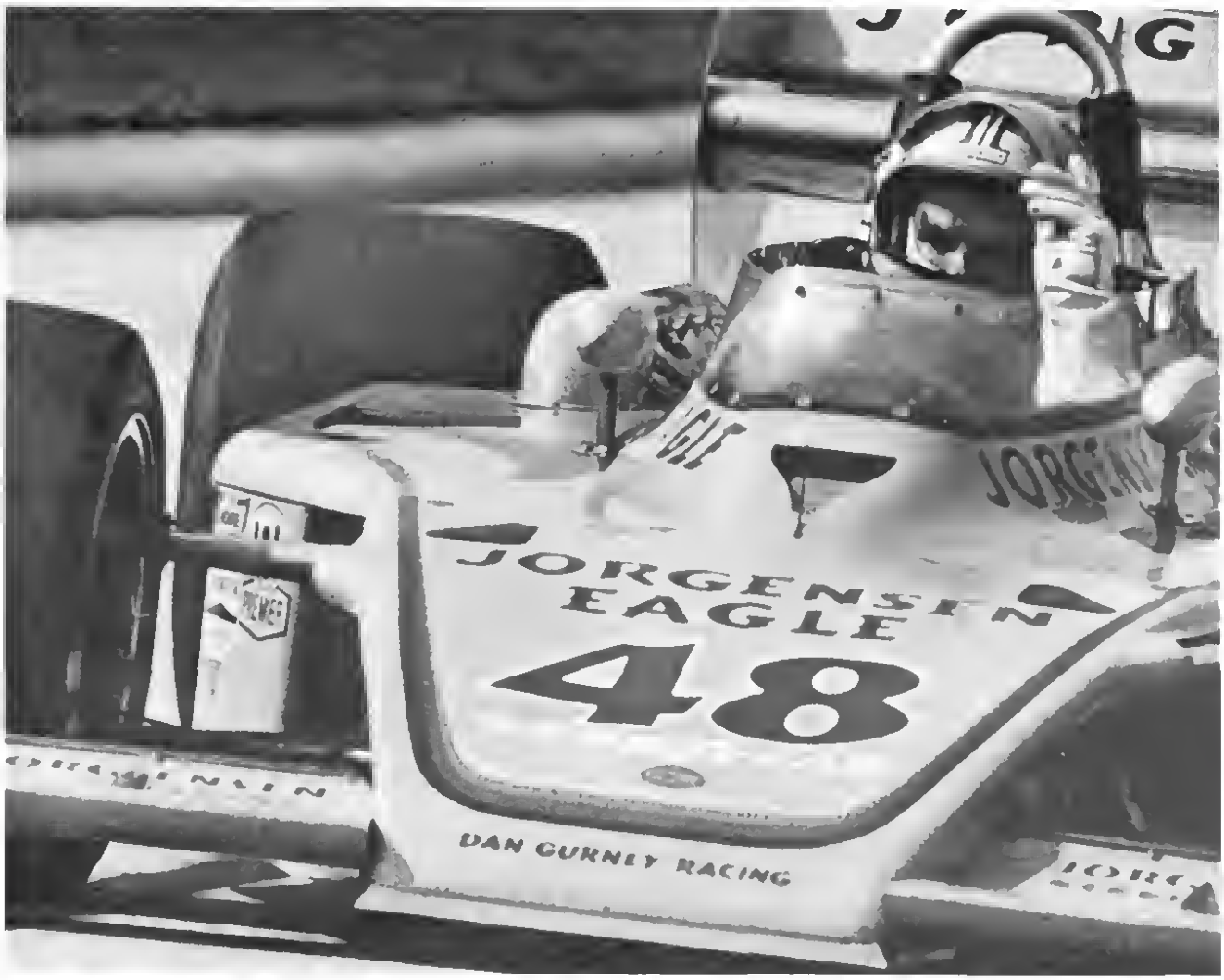
Despite the gentle squall of spent magnolia blossoms drifting down on northwest Washington, it is a very brisk morning; a cold front is moving through town. Ritzenberg is at the club a few minutes before seven, just in advance of his first pupil. Despite the hour, temperature and uncertain visibility, one of the far courts is already occupied by two club members.

At seven George McGovern drives up in a small, gas-conserving car. Bundled in a sweat suit, he goes onto the court. Ritzenberg stands close to the net and flicks balls to the Senator's forehand. Occasionally he offers a suggestion to his pupil but more often encouragement.

With great concentration but with at the very best no better than average

continued

Indy Tires by



USAC National Champion Bobby Unser in Jorgensen Eagle sweeps to second Indy victory on Goodyear tires.

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In the last ten years, more and more drivers have been running their Indy cars on Goodyear racing tires.

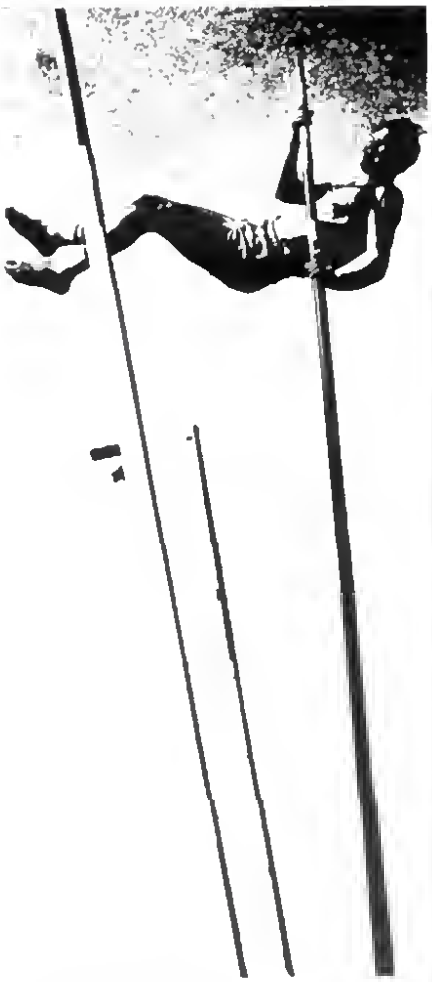
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grace, McGovern returns most of the balls. In truth he reacts and moves a little slowly and stiffly, like a middle-aged man who has never had much time for games.

"When I was a boy in South Dakota, the general idea was that tennis was a game for rich people from back East," says the Senator. "I never learned to play then. I do play some golf, but I enjoy tennis more now. On a golf course there is so much time to think about the things that you play games to forget about. Also golf just takes too much time."

"Allie says he is not sure whether you know how to keep score."

"I'll learn that someday. I've never played a set."

Around town the notion that tennis with Allie is not only soothing but therapy for a variety of discrete inner difficulties is common. For example, a few years back, in his bachelor days, Henry Kissinger asked Joan Braden, wife of Columnist Tom Braden, to take charge of a dinner party for 34 that he was hosting. Arriving at Kissinger's she found things in a state of unreadiness. First, she fired the caterers. Then she called Allie for an emergency half hour of tennis. After that, cool and collected, she went back and took over the dinner preparations. "Tennis is my tranquilizer," said Joan.

The next pupil is a slim, athletic, thirtyish woman—call her Carol. She is an old friend of Allie's but also a friend, or at least acquaintance, of virtually everyone in town. She is the kind who at one time or another has had a lot going for her—brains, talent, money, looks, style, influence, publicity—but she is also one of the kind for whom things somehow always seem to be going subtly sour. She is accident-prone in a social and emotional way.

Among a great many things that she has done well is play tennis. She was once a junior player of promise but because of one of those sour runs she has not been around the club much during the past year. This morning she is taking somebody's canceled time. "I have got to get started regularly again with Allie," she says. "You saw me out there. It was pathetic. My legs feel like my feet have roots. My friends tell me my whole personality is coming apart because I'm not playing tennis. One of the problems is that the time that suits me best, Kay has."

"Kay?"

"Kay Graham. She would just as soon change days, but I don't know if Allie will change her."

The last lesson of the morning is with a potential tournament player, a 13-year-old who has begun to do well locally, wants to do better and has been delivered by his mother to the club. Ritzenberg begins to work on the boy's ground strokes. The instructions are sharper, more explicit, less praise is offered. Moving a stride or two to each side, Ritzenberg begins to run this pupil back and forth across the court from forehand to backhand until the boy, despite the cool morning, is wet.

"Allie, even in the 20 years we've known each other, you must have hit 17 million tennis balls," the boy's mother says. "Are you getting bored with old-lady tennis, customer tennis, even being an institution?"

"Not bored really. I'm still interested in the technical problems of teaching, maybe even in the head problems. I can't knock any of this. I've made a good living out of the game, met some interesting people, made some good friends. Not bored but I suppose you might say I'm feeling a little restless. I think about cutting back on the lesson time.

"I'd like to spend some time working on my game, start competing regularly. I think I'm one of the best teachers and I'm proud of that, but competition is in the back of your mind if you are in sports. It's what got you into the game to begin with. I've been playing in a few senior tournaments lately and not doing too badly. Last year I won the indoor singles and doubles championships for my age group in the U.S. Professional Tennis Association tournament. My strokes are as good or maybe better in some respects than they were when I was in my 20s. My legs are very good for my age, but what is missing is playing regularly under pressure. I'll teach here all morning, grab a flight, go out to Las Vegas or someplace, go right onto the court. I'll play well for a while. Then I'll get tight and I'll serve a couple of doubles and my game begins to come apart. It is lack of concentration and the only way to develop this kind of concentration is to play in pressure situations. I'd like to give it some time, see how far I can still go."

"You mean after 45 years, all that waving out of the limousine window stuff, you still want to play the game better?"

"That's exactly what I mean." **END**

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANCIS GOLDEN

A Recipe For Well-Poached Fish

Restrictions on commercial netting brought salmon back to Canadian rivers, where les braconniers were waiting

by COLEMAN SINCLAIR

To many fly-fishermen, no game fish ranks as high or costs so dearly as the Atlantic salmon. Nor is any other game fish as valuable to the local economy: in eastern Canada, where most Americans pursue the salmon, the angling industry is worth upward of $15 million a year and provides employment for at least 4,000 people. But today the salmon's existence in Quebec and New Brunswick is threatened by a new breed of professional poachers known as *les braconniers.* Often armed and sometimes violent, they serve a booming black market in Atlantic salmon. Last summer, in some rivers in Quebec and New Brunswick poachers took an estimated 50% of all the salmon that returned from the sea to spawn; this summer's pillage promises to be even worse. To date, the Canadian government, reacting to sensitive politicians and a citizenry which is apathetic, if not sympathetic to the poachers, chooses to look the other way. Even the most optimistic salmon conservationists predict that unless the government immediately declares all-out war, *les braconniers* may well be sounding the death knell for the Atlantic salmon in Canada.

In the otherwise unspoiled tranquillity of Quebec's Gaspé Peninsula, *les braconniers* are about as subtle as a bright salmon bursting through the surface of a quiet pool. Claude, a young Quebecois in his mid-20s, poaches the Matapédia River and openly solicits visiting anglers in the lobby of a local hotel.

"Going to fish salmon, eh?" he asks you.

"Yes. We start tomorrow."

"Would you like a very big salmon? Twenty-eight pounds. A good fish, fresh from the Matapédia."

You hesitate, momentarily confused. Then it hits you—the guy is a damn poacher.

"Hell, no," you reply. "I'm going to catch my own salmon—legally, on a fly."

Claude smirks. "How long will you be fishing?" he asks.

continued

"Four days. Why?"

"Well," Claude says, "if you don't catch them, I will have more fresh salmon for you. Big ones to take home, eh?"

"How much?" you ask.

"Two dollars and fifty cents a pound. It is a fair price, eh?"

Only three years ago things were looking up for the Atlantic salmon in Canada. In 1972 Denmark finally agreed to phase out its high-seas fishery off Greenland by 1976 and to reduce the inshore catch by native Greenlanders. At about the same time, the Canadian government announced a partial ban on commercial drift and set nets in the major river estuaries of New Brunswick, the Gaspe Peninsula and the southwest coast of Newfoundland. Only the commercial fisheries on the northeast coasts of Newfoundland and Quebec and in Labrador and Nova Scotia continue unabated, because they are considered essential to the stability of the local economy. Unfortunately, the reduced number of fresh salmon available on the open market has spurred on the poachers. Armed with drift nets, quicklime "bottle bombs" and dynamite, gangs of them operating during the dark of night are systematically taking thousands of prime breeder salmon from holding pools. During the daylight hours, poachers operating alone, many of them teen-agers fishing from riverbanks and bridges, are catching their share of salmon on spinning tackle rigged with multihook lures. In the early fall, the salmon move upriver onto the spawning beds, the poachers band together to make one last mass attack, using all manner of nets, explosives, spears, pitchforks and even underwater spear guns to slaughter the fish.





The black market for salmon is mainly composed of bulk buyers—fish peddlers, food markets, hotels and restaurants—but door-to-door business is also booming. Last summer in Quebec and New Brunswick, poachers were selling their catch for "two pieces-plus a pound" ($2 to $2.50 a pound); their black-market accomplices, in turn, were retailing salmon at $3 a pound and up. Fresh salmon was about as difficult to buy as soap.

Enforcement by provincial and federal authorities was less than adequate. Both the part-time river *guardiens* and the professional wardens were under-funded and ill-equipped to handle *les braconniers*, particularly hard-core poachers armed with clubs, rocks, knives and guns. Although under Canada's Federal Fisheries Act a judge may fine a poacher up to $1,000 plus a jail term, the handful of poachers who are apprehended and taken to court receive token fines ("Eet is only a small tax to do business, eh?" says one) and their poaching gear is rarely confiscated.

By the terms of the Fisheries Act, wardens are not allowed to destroy seized nets. Further, in parts of Canada a poacher must be apprehended in the very act of poaching to be convicted; to be caught on the river at night with a 50-foot gill net isn't sufficient evidence for a conviction.

Many of *les braconniers* are on "employment"—they work at odd jobs just long enough to qualify for unemployment stamps and then live on welfare and the proceeds from full-time poaching. Increasingly, though, men who hold down year-round jobs are turning to poaching to augment their incomes. More than a few natives poach the same pools at night that they guide fly-fishermen to during the day.

In a dimly lit beer hall in the town of

Matapédia, a group of poachers pass around stingers of pot and talk freely about business and the law.

"It's hard work, Lord Jesus, it's hard," says Jean, an intense young man in his 20s. "The water's colder 'n hell, and you're fighting the current to get that gill net across the river. You make a good haul and you got maybe 300 pounds of salmon to drag through the bush in the dark to the car. But it's worth it.

"The wardens? Yeah, they know who we are for damn sure; they're watching our cars right now. They try to follow us all the time, but there's too many of us, eh? Anyway, we always know where they are, too. Could they catch us? Well, yeah, but if two wardens see four of us drifting, you think they're gonna come after us? We'd give them a going over."

George, a stocky poacher with an unkempt Afro, breaks in. "They come over to me house last week. I'm eatin' a late supper after coming off the river. There was two trucks of wardens, plus the cops. I walk outside and one warden says to the cops, 'We got 'em tonight.' They wanted to search the house. I said you go in the house, you come out with two broke legs. Those wardens, they knew my net was in the house, but they didn't go in. Chicken. . . . You know what bugs them? The money. It really bugs 'em."

Jean and George are "drifters." They use an assortment of 40- to 60-pound-test monofilament set nets, drag nets and gill nets ("square hooks" in poacher's parlance) with four- or five-inch mesh. A team of three professional drifters equipped with wet suits, fins, inner tubes and walkie-talkies can sweep a major holding pool in a matter of minutes. On a good night they may clean out several pools, taking anywhere from 20 to 100 salmon. They must allow for spates, occasional interference from wardens, ripped or lost nets and the fluctuating market. But the poaching season lasts 20 weeks, from mid-May through mid-October, and professional drifters will work a river two or three nights a week on the average. The rewards are sizable.

Matapédia River is a case in point. Matapedia salmon average 12 pounds or more, 20- to 30-pounders are not uncommon and fish in excess of 35 pounds are taken every year. In 1973 the recorded rod-and-reel catch was 1,133 salmon. The estimated poaching haul in the same year was upward of 2,000 salmon. At the going black-market rate, the poachers' earnings were well over $50,000. The Matapédia is one salmon river; there are 98 salmon rivers in Quebec alone.

"There's all kinds of poaching, but the drifters are the real outlaws," says J.A. (Buddy) Campbell, president of the Baie des Chaleurs Salmon Association and one of Canada's most outspoken salmon conservationists. "The drifters are the same guys who shoot moose out of season and sell them for dog meat. Yet the way things are today, they're considered heroes. Even the courts treat them like modern-day Robin Hoods. But they're really outlaws operating a highly lucrative business, and getting away with it."

Undeniably, poaching is lucrative, but the lure transcends the financial rewards. An ever-increasing number of young poachers are strongly motivated by the growing anti-American sentiment that pervades Quebec and New Brunswick. The fact is that much of the good salmon water in Canada is private and largely controlled by Americans. Anti-democratic as this may seem, the private salmon clubs are largely responsible for the survival of most Canadian salmon rivers. Neither the Canadian government nor the private outfitters have ever been willing to put up the money necessary to properly manage the rivers and protect the salmon.

According to a study prepared for the Atlantic Salmon Association in 1966 the value of an angled salmon to the Canadian economy was more than $200. Today, one salmon is worth at least double that amount. Says Buddy Campbell: "It costs upward of $250,000 a year just to operate the Restigouche Salmon Club and Camp Chaleur on the Grand Cascapedia, to mention but two private camps. Much of the money is paid out in wages to local guides, wardens and cooks, and no small amount goes onto the municipal tax rolls. In many areas the contribution of the private clubs to the local economy is second only to that of the forest industry. Without these clubs, the salmon would already have disappeared from many rivers."

It is not an easy argument to get across. Many Canadians poach as much to flout the law and "get back at the rich Americans" as they do to make money. Percy, a typically embittered poacher who regularly drifts the Restigouche River, sums it up this way: "Look, these are *our* rivers. But the rich Americans control all the good water. Money talks, eh? You Americans buy the water, you hire wardens to watch them pools. We was born and raised here. But we can't fish here. The rich Canadians from Toronto and Montreal, they're even worse. They're taking the fishing from their own people. O.K. So we poach hell outta her."

In the past decade, two dozen salmon rivers, in whole or in part, have been taken over by the provincial governments of Quebec and New Brunswick and opened to public fishing. With few exceptions, however, the quality of salmon fishing on these rivers has sunk to a level roughly equivalent to opening day on a heavily stocked trout stream in the Eastern U.S. In Quebec's Matane River, fly-fishermen, many of them snagging salmon with slip sinkers and weighted flies, stand elbow to elbow, flailing away at pools that were once restricted to one rod at a time. Despite costly stocking programs, many public rivers are poorly protected and seriously overfished. Yet the public clamor to open up all salmon water in Canada grows louder.

"More Canadians than ever before say they want to fish salmon but can't find good water they can afford," says Wilfred Carter, executive director of the International Atlantic Salmon Foundation and one of the world's leading authorities on the fish. "I'm sympathetic; in fact, I helped to implement controlled public fishing in Quebec. But it's really a philosophical question of who should be allowed the privilege. If we take the illogical posture that the Atlantic salmon is a national heritage to be shared by all, then the salmon is doomed."

In February of 1974, nearly 200 people, including key representatives of the federal and provincial governments, attended the first Conference on Illegal Atlantic Salmon Fishing in Montreal. "The fact that the government people came away from the conference truly alarmed was very positive," says Carter. Sadly, it is generally agreed that at this point the Atlantic salmon could not be declared a game fish—too many people crave its sweet pink flesh, and commercial fishing is still considered an economic necessity in some areas. Still, a number of strong recommendations came out of the conference, among them: that some form of tagging of legally caught fish be instituted to control the purchase and sale of salmon; that only licensed vendors be allowed to sell salmon; that comprehensive educational programs be undertaken at

continued

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WELL-POACHED FISH *cont'd*

the grass-roots level, especially in the schools; that all wardens undergo a training program, be delegated greater authority and be equipped with more sophisticated detection and protective devices; that minimum and maximum fines for poaching be established; and that jail sentences be mandatory for serious second-time offenses.

Predictably, most of these recommendations require major legislative changes at the federal and provincial levels, a time-consuming and politically unpopular task. In the meantime the poaching is worse than ever.

For example, last spring Quebec banned the sale of "angled" salmon. At summer's end, anglers were still doing a brisk black-market business. In June, federal wardens operating in coastal waters out of Shippigan, N.B. were provided with two new patrol boats loaded with complicated electronic gear. The first weekend the boats were in port, local poachers went aboard and did thousands of dollars worth of damage.

For Wilfred Carter, who has spent the better part of his life trying to perpetuate the Atlantic salmon, the situation is depressing at best. "What we have managed to achieve toward the restoration of salmon in the past five years—the agreement with the Danes, the ban on Canadian nets and our new highly selective breeding and stocking programs—is almost a little conservation miracle," he says. "But now a great many desperate poachers are slaughtering the salmon, and if the clamoring public has its way, they will get all the fish that the poachers miss. It's like Prohibition—in winning, we've really lost."

In the hotel cold room after the last day on the river, a group of visiting anglers pack their catch—five lovely Matapedia salmon, one of them a bright, thick-bodied cock fish of 22 pounds with a great hook jaw. The hotel manager appears.

"Lovely fish, gentlemen," the manager says. "Will you be taking all of them home?"

"Why?" one of the fishermen asks.

"The hotel would like to buy them, for the kitchen, eh? Fresh salmon is very popular with our guests."

"How much? Two dollars and fifty cents a pound?"

"No, no," says the manager, putting on his best frown. "Not that much. But I make you a good price." **END**

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by WILLIAM LEGGETT

NBC AND THE NEW COLLEGE TRY



PROS DON'T GET THE RATINGS OF UCLA-LOUISVILLE

The National Broadcasting Company's announcement three weeks ago that it will televise some 90 college basketball games beginning next November seems to have gone by the sporting and entertainment press like Nolan Ryan's fastball. Consequently, the ramifications of the decision may have been lost on most sports fans.

For months it had been widely assumed that NBC would buy American Basketball Association games in one form or another. Even the ABA expected this, and when NBC made a deal with college basketball instead it damaged the ABA's credibility and indicated, at least for the present, that no matter how many colors the ABA has on its basketball, it is still a minor league.

More significantly, NBC is the television leader in live sports coverage. Of 150 top-rated live sporting events shown during the last 10 years, NBC has carried 100, CBS 44 and ABC six. Thus NBC's decision to go into college basketball cannot be taken lightly. Professional basketball has been on national television since the 1953-54 season, with a two-year lapse in 1962-64 due to low ratings. College basketball did not show up nationally until January of 1968, with the Houston-UCLA (Elvin Hayes-Lew Alcindor) game. But contrary to some big-city opinion, college basketball is far more appealing to the public. Surprisingly, no professional game has ever been rated among the top three televised basketball events, and of the top 10 basketball games ever shown on national television, only three were professional. Indeed, this year's pro playoffs will probably turn out to be an overall ratings disaster for CBS—more people, for some reason, watched regular-season games on CBS than have watched the playoffs.

Weekly college coverage began in the 1967-68 season on TVS, then an independent network but now part of the Corinthian Broadcasting Corporation. TVS has had a virtual lock on college games ever since, and NBC had to go to them for the rights. TVS was willing to do business, though nobody will say for how much. Basketball contracts, unlike those for college football, are agreements reached between TVS President Eddie Einhorn and the various conferences and independent teams; no Walter Byers negotiates them until the NCAA playoffs come up. (NBC already had, and retains, the rights to the finals and semi-finals for another year.)

Alan Lubell, the 36-year-old executive vice-president of TVS, played a part in the negotiations of the agreement between NBC and TVS, and it must have given him considerable satisfaction. In 1969 Lubell tried to sell Madison Avenue on college basketball and it wasn't easy. "Every time I went into somebody's office," he said last week, "they would excuse themselves and go off to a New York Knick game. They didn't know anything about college basketball. When I told them that colleges were building new facilities, that places were sold out weeks in advance for major college games, they thought I was mad."

TVS finally did sell commercials, of course, and kept expanding until it had a 103-game schedule last season, distributed primarily on a regional basis. Many of NBC's affiliates carried eight national games, most of them as parts of doubleheaders. This year NBC will be putting on 10 such doubleheaders, producing the national games while TVS handles the regional ones.

TVS is a familiar network to most of the nation not only for its college basketball coverage but also for World Football League games. The network made money covering the WFL last year but, according to Lubell, "We felt our credibility going down as the league's did." TVS started the WFL season with 100 stations, but by mid-season that number was down into the 60s.

TVS now holds an option to pick up the WFL if there is a second season, but it is highly doubtful that it will. "The problem with the WFL," Lubell says, "was that every time it got caught lying it compounded the situation by telling more lies. In many ways it got a lot of publicity; Gary Davidson, the WFL commissioner, told me he estimated that all the early national publicity was worth $20 million. The bad publicity he never talked about, but that was worth at least a minus $40 million. While we have the option, I doubt that we will ever find a reason to use it. Maybe a new pro football league can go, but it would have to prove that by itself. When I talk to advertising people about the possibility, they just look at me."

The one thing TVS will not lose by joining up with NBC is credibility. And the one thing it has certainly gained is money. Whatever the rights went for, there is also the fact that the major networks can transmit games much more cheaply than independents. Over the upcoming season it would cost TVS about $500,000 more—for the installation of telephone lines—than it will cost NBC, and Einhorn has good enough eyesight to see farther down the road. And finally, "I have a feeling," says NBC sports head Carl Lindemann Jr., "that the ratings will be good. We have 250 stations we might be able to use. TVS had about 170."

What will be interesting to see is how vigorously NBC is willing to promote college basketball. Just a little bit of help might give the network a real winner, and there is no reason to think NBC does not plan to come across with it. "We believe that live events are the way to go," says Lindemann, getting in a dig at ABC. "We are not going to change and go for rip-offs. We still feel that live sports are what people want, and we intend to stick to that decision." END

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Nothin' could be finah

Bobby Richardson, the Yank from Dixie, coaches a hot college team

Bobby Richardson. Now there was a second baseman. He did not smoke, drink, curse, fight or make headlines like Billy Martin (*page 70*), his predecessor with the Yankees, but then it was not his Southern Baptist nature to do so. As two detectives shadowing the high-spirited team learned one evening in Detroit, Richardson's nights on the town began with a bag of popcorn and ended with a Ping-Pong game at the YMCA. Fittingly, when he retired in 1966 after 10 full seasons, seven World Series, five Gold Glove Awards and seven All-Star Game nominations, his farewell gifts included 1,000 New Testaments.

Today Bobby Richardson is the baseball coach at the No. 2-ranked University of South Carolina near his home town of Sumter, and his image as a moral preceptor remains intact. Irate parents have been filling his mailbox recently with complaints about a commercial featuring Mickey Mantle and Whitey Ford. Pictured at the bar with mugs uplifted, they describe their qualifications for "The Beer Drinkers Hall of Fame." Although Richardson, a lay preacher, disapproves, he is not about to ruin two friendships over it. Fraternal blood flows thicker than any malt beverage.

Bobby Richardson does not live in the past, but there is little doubt he relishes it. While the Gamecocks were preparing for the NCAA district playoffs in Columbia, S.C. last week, he measured a long batting-practice drive by the distance it would have covered in Yankee Stadium. "The upper deck," he declared exuberantly, picturing the stadium he knew and not the one emerging from the current renovation.

His office is chock full of memorabilia. On the wall behind his desk, Babe Ruth embraces Lou Gehrig. Opposite, a beatific Yogi Berra beams in a picture that once hung in the Yankee lavatory. The "Oustrallian Mongoose" residing in the box in the corner is not really a mongoose at all but a length of squirrel fur. Only you don't know that until Richardson startles you by releasing the spring that sends it flying out.

The Yankee mementos center on the team, its legends and its high jinks, not its short, unassuming second baseman. "I was an average player on a great team," he says modestly.

Richardson realizes that his college players are too young to remember him as a major-leaguer. He is almost 40 now, his hair is thinning, his sideburns graying, his chin sagging and his stomach protruding. But he can still be disappointed as he was last year when an outstanding second-base prospect decided to enroll elsewhere. "I thought for sure he'd want to play for me," he said.

Recruiting, scheduling and budgeting are administrative chores that Richardson detests. He will drive the team bus and pitch batting practice, but he depends on his assistant, former minor league teammate Johnny Hunton, for office work. "When I took this job I thought recruiting was easy," Richardson says. "Then I realized I wasn't going after the good players."

South Carolina's only losing season since Richardson took over in 1970 was the first. The best have been the last two, in which Hunton's assistance has been valuable. Next week they take the Gamecocks to the College World Series in Omaha with a 47-4-1 record.

Richardson's winning strategy is another reminder of his Yankee background. If the Gamecocks do not look like the Bronx Bombers—the pinstripe flannels Richardson once ordered were uncomfortably heavy—at least they can try to play like them. South Carolina rarely bunts, often hits-and-runs and is always looking for the big inning.

With such sluggers as First Baseman Hank Small, the NCAA's alltime home-run leader (47) and one of six Gamecocks batting over .300, it seems a sound formula. The team's pitching star is righthander Earl Bass, who has a 15-0 record, a 1.16 ERA and a six-to-one ratio of strikeouts to bases on balls.

"The biggest thing I've had to learn," says Richardson, "is not to expect too much." But his attitudes on drinking, smoking, drugs and grooming are team policy and he will occasionally arrange group devotionals. Yet he is not overbearing. "If anything," says Bass, "he lets us get away with more than we should."

Richardson does his criticizing in private, a consideration he did not learn from Casey Stengel, who once said, "Look at him. Doesn't drink. Doesn't smoke. Nothing. But he still can't hit .220." The last time Bobby saw Stengel, at a banquet in Kansas City, Casey did not recognize him.

Although Richardson had not anticipated taking a college coaching job when he left the Yankees, his affinity for working with young people makes him well suited to it. "For most of these players it's like a minor league apprenticeship," he says. "There isn't a single one who wouldn't want to play major league ball once he gets out of college, and I love that kind of enthusiasm."

Most of all, however, he enjoys the convenience of being home with his wife and five children. It was his longing to be with them that prompted his premature retirement from Yankee Stadium at age 31. He considered himself out of baseball forever and was working as an insurance company publicist when Paul

continued



BOBBY WITH YANKEE MEMENTOS IN OFFICE

Dietzel, then the university's athletic director, persuaded him to coach the Gamecocks. Now he is about to sign a four-year extension of his contract, just long enough to span the collegiate career of his oldest son, Robbie, who will enroll at South Carolina in the fall.

Richardson's ties to the school, and even to Sumter, his lifelong home, are not permanent, he insists. But he also realizes he could not do much better elsewhere since his salary is agreeable, his commitments few and the facilities first-rate, including a dog named Rinky Dink that retrieves foul balls.

The Republican Party in the state considers him anything but a rinky dink politically. President Nixon encouraged him to run for Congress last year and a private poll indicated he would have been the favorite. The Sumter townspeople have been behind him ever since he left to play professional baseball—they sent him off at the bus station with a ballpoint pen and $86 in spending money.

Even though his Strom Thurmond conservatism might be attractive in the state, he has private doubts that he is qualified for what he considers a full-time "desk job." All his life he has enjoyed hunting, fishing, praying and baseball. For a while, at least, he will continue doing what he knows and does best.

THE WEEK

(May 18-23)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST

Porch Power helped the Twins, who have moved their left-field and left-center fences in 16 feet. This was done at the behest of Vice-President Billy Robertson in an attempt to aid Minnesota's right-handed batters and to lure fans with a pepped-up offense. Trailing Detroit 5–4 in the 11th, Larry Hisle drilled a ball that a year ago would have been an out, but this time it was a game-winning homer into Robertson's Porch. Two other wins came against Milwaukee, 6–0 behind Jim Hughes, a rookie, and 2–1 on RBI singles in the ninth by Eric Soderholm and Tom Kelly.

Three teams—White Sox, Angels and Rangers—matched the Twins' 3-2 record. Chicago's Stan Bahnsen, who had not pitched in three weeks, surfaced with a 12.00 ERA for the year and a 3-14 career mark against Baltimore and put down the Orioles 2–1. Rich Gossage preserved that game and another victory over the Orioles with a total of 6⅓ innings of scoreless relief. That gave him seven saves, an 0.81 ERA and ran his shutout string to 23⅔ innings. The Angels, who hit nine homers in their first 36 games, unloaded three in a 12–5 rout of the Indians, but failed to come up with any in Nolan Ryan's second loss of the season, a 6–1 defeat by Boston. Texas scored three runs in the last of the 10th to tie Detroit, then won 7–6 in the 11th on Tom Grieve's hit.

Kansas City, 2-3, upended New York 4–1 on Fran Healy's three-run home run in the 10th, and a pair of two-run homers by Harmon Killebrew highlighted a 10–1 romp over Baltimore.

Oakland Owner Charlie Finley said he was "on the 15-day disabled list" after being hospitalized because of possible heart trouble. His A's did little to make him feel better, losing four of five and hitting .202. However, Sonny Siebert, recently obtained by Finley from the Padres, won 3–0 over the Indians with the aid of four innings of relief from Jim Todd.

OAK 22-16 TEX 22-17 KC 22-19
CAL 21-20 MINN 18-17 CHI 17-21

AL EAST

Castor oil, sharp pitching and vigorous slugging propelled Boston to a 5-1 week. Because he had not felt well for two days, Luis Tiant took a swig of the nasty stuff, after which he pitched a 6–1 win over the Angels. Earlier the Sox began a three-game sweep of the A's by giving Tiant a 10–5 victory. Boston had been shut out in six of Tiant's 16 previous starts. Bill Lee followed Tiant's win with a two-hit, 7–0 verdict. For the first time since 1951 the Red Sox got six straight complete-game performances from its pitching staff. Oakland started three lefties in Boston and the Red Sox hammered A's pitchers for six of their 13 home runs, Bernie Carbo hitting three of them.

For Detroit's Mickey Lolich the elixir was soda pop, 64 ounces of which he gulped en route to a 5–3 win at Minnesota, his first in four weeks. Joe Coleman also beat the Twins, 6–3, making it the first time in 12 months the Tigers' two most reliable pitchers had won back to back.

Before the Yankees' first game of the week, Manager Bill Virdon told them he was fed up with their lackluster efforts. His troops promptly demolished the A's 9–1. Catfish Hunter earned that win as well as an 11–7 affair over Texas to bring his record to 6-4. Chris Chambliss, who had not hit a homer all season, poked two against Kansas City's Steve Busby, who had not given up a gopher ball in 78⅓ innings. Roy White's .400 hitting also helped New York go 4-1 and vacate last place.

Two homers by Manager-OH Frank Robinson enabled Cleveland to down California 3–2, but the Indian pitching staff was a shambles. Jim Perry and Dick Bosman were traded to the A's for Blue Moon Odom, who brought along an 0-2 record and a 12.27 ERA. And Gaylord Perry was tagged for his 11th and 12th homers in 88⅓ innings as the A's zonked him 3–0.

Milwaukee and Baltimore both lost four of five. The Brewers were shut out twice and did not hit a homer. Jim Palmer of the Orioles equaled last year's victory total by stopping the White Sox 6–2 for No. 7, but in their other outings the Birds hit just .151. Manager Earl Weaver explained why he benched Brooks Robinson on his 38th birthday. "That's my present to him. He doesn't have to face Nolan Ryan." It was just as well, for Ryan picked up his eighth win by subduing the Orioles 5–1 on two hits.

MIL 20-18 BOS 19-18 DET 16-18
BALT 18-21 NY 18-21 CLEV 14-21

NL WEST

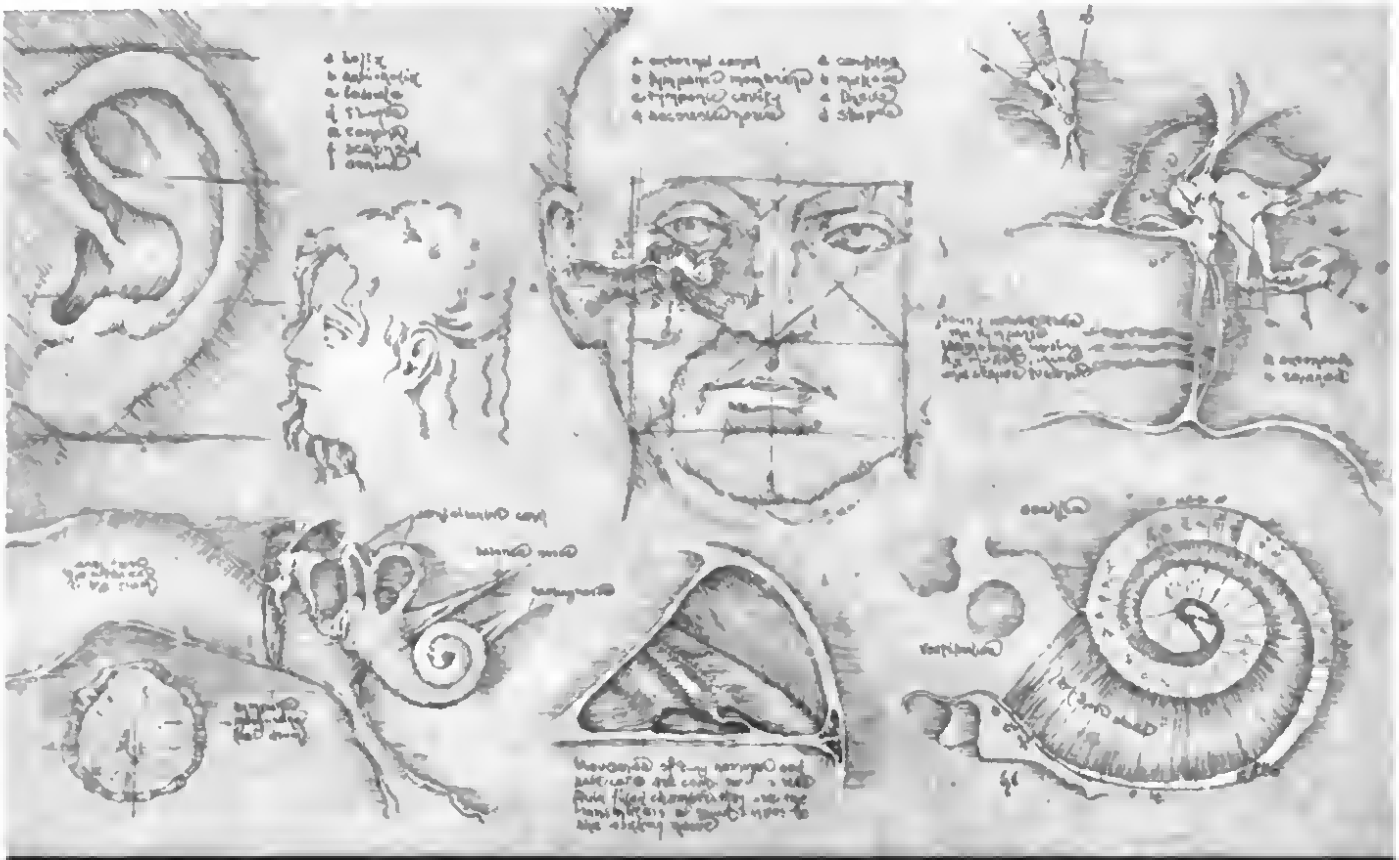
Two weeks after frittering away a four-run lead in Montreal and quitting his club temporarily, Dave Roberts of Houston faced the Expos again. Dave Bristol, the Montreal third-base coach, heckled Roberts throughout the game. "He kept asking if I was going to quit again if I lost," Roberts said. But Roberts hung tough, tossed a six-hitter and won 4–2 to climax a 5-0 week for the Astros. Cesar Cedeno manufactured two runs with his speed in a 4–2 victory over the Phillies, scoring the winner in the eighth when he raced all the way home from first base on a single.

San Francisco, also 5-0, climbed above .500 and rose from fifth place to third. Jim Barr won twice, 2–0 over the Cardinals on a two-hitter and 2–1 over the Pirates in relief when Chris Speier singled with the bases full in the 11th inning.

San Diego continued to get superb pitching, the Padres winning four of six and lowering their staff ERA to 2.77, best in the majors. Joe McIntosh blanked St. Louis 1–0 to bring his ERA down to 1.41, the finest in either league for pitchers with 50 or more innings. And Randy Jones notched his third shutout, a one-hit, 10-inning 1–0 decision, also over the Cardinals, that left him with a 1.80 ERA. John Grubb settled that game with a home run and hit .500 for the week. Amid the prosperity was some rumbling, however. Gene Locklear sounded off after being benched despite his .441 average. Ordered to the minors, he refused to go and filed a grievance against the team.

Coach Tommy Lasorda took over as interim manager of the Dodgers because of the death of Walter Alston's father. When Lasorda managed in the Dominican Republic last winter one of his pitchers was

continued



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Burt Hooton. "I told him he was too heavy at 230 and he got down to 195," Lasorda recalled. Trimmed down and now a Dodger, Hooton earned an 8–3 win over his former Cub teammates, striking out 11. Niftier yet was Andy Messersmith, who beat the Cubbies 10–0 to make his record 7-0.

Gary Nolan won twice for the Reds, who got six runs batted in from Tony Perez as they won three of four games. Atlanta's Vic Correll doubled his 1974 homer output by bopping his eighth of the season, a grand slam that finished off Montreal 9–4. Correll seemed more embarrassed than elated. "I am not a home-run hitter," said he. Dusty Baker also hit his eighth homer and Darrell Evans his seventh and eighth as the Braves split four games.

LA 27-16 CIN 22-20 SF 20-16
SD 21-20 ATL 20-22 HOUS 17-27

NL EAST

"Everybody says we've got a good ball team. Where is it?" asked St. Louis Manager Red Schoendienst. Good question. Following three defeats in which his Cardinals produced just two runs, Schoendienst scolded his players. So they went out and lost 1–0 to the Padres when Bob Gibson, a nine-time Gold Glove winner, made a wild throw after fielding a bunt. St. Louis, 1-4, did escape last place, though, by nipping Los Angeles 4–3.

Clunking into the cellar, Montreal, 0-4, was the only winless team in the majors last week. Dave McNally lost his fifth consecutive game, and the offense sputtered. Joe Torre, hitting .197 at game time, had four hits as the Mets downed the Reds 6–2. And Ed Kranepool, last of the original Mets, had seven hits in 10 at bats to raise his average to .389. Though the Mets split four games, they emerged as the East's most successful team during a week in which the West took 22 of 30 games in interdivisional play.

Chicago and Pittsburgh were both 2-4 and each had an exceptional two-hit pitching effort against Los Angeles. Bill Bonham fastballed his way past the Dodgers 2–1 and Ken Brett of the Pirates had more hits than he gave up as he singled, rapped two doubles and came out on top 7–2. Four hitters the Bucs rely on heavily—Richie Hebner, Al Oliver, Willie Stargell and Richie Zisk—went through a dry spell in which they were 17 for 83 (.205).

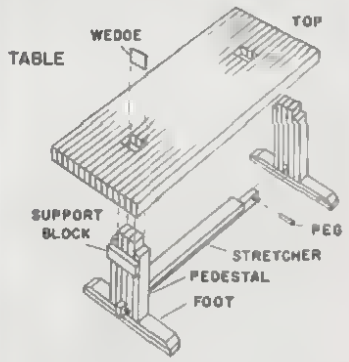
Tom Underwood pitched a four-hit, 5–1 win over Atlanta as Philadelphia won its seventh in a row and 12th straight at home. Then the Phillies took to the road and lost four times, running their away-from-home record to 6-14.

CHI 22-16 PHIL 20-16 NY 17-16
PITT 16-17 ST.L 13-21 MONT 13-20

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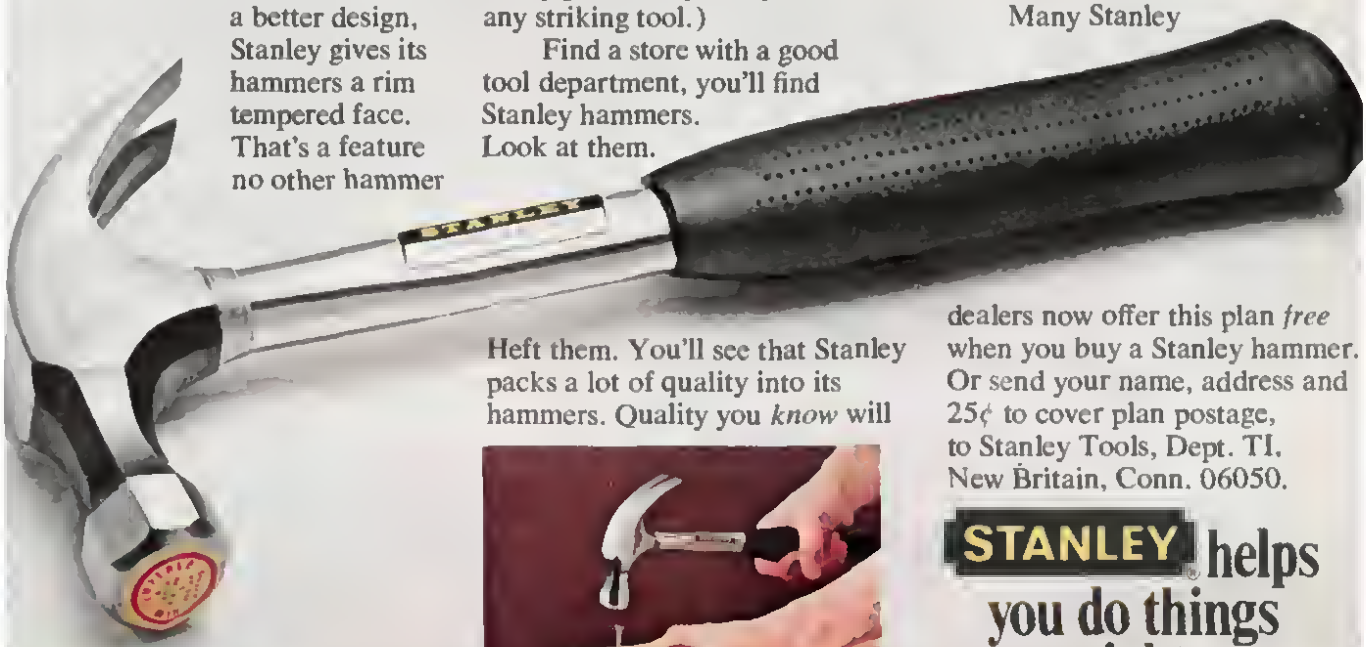
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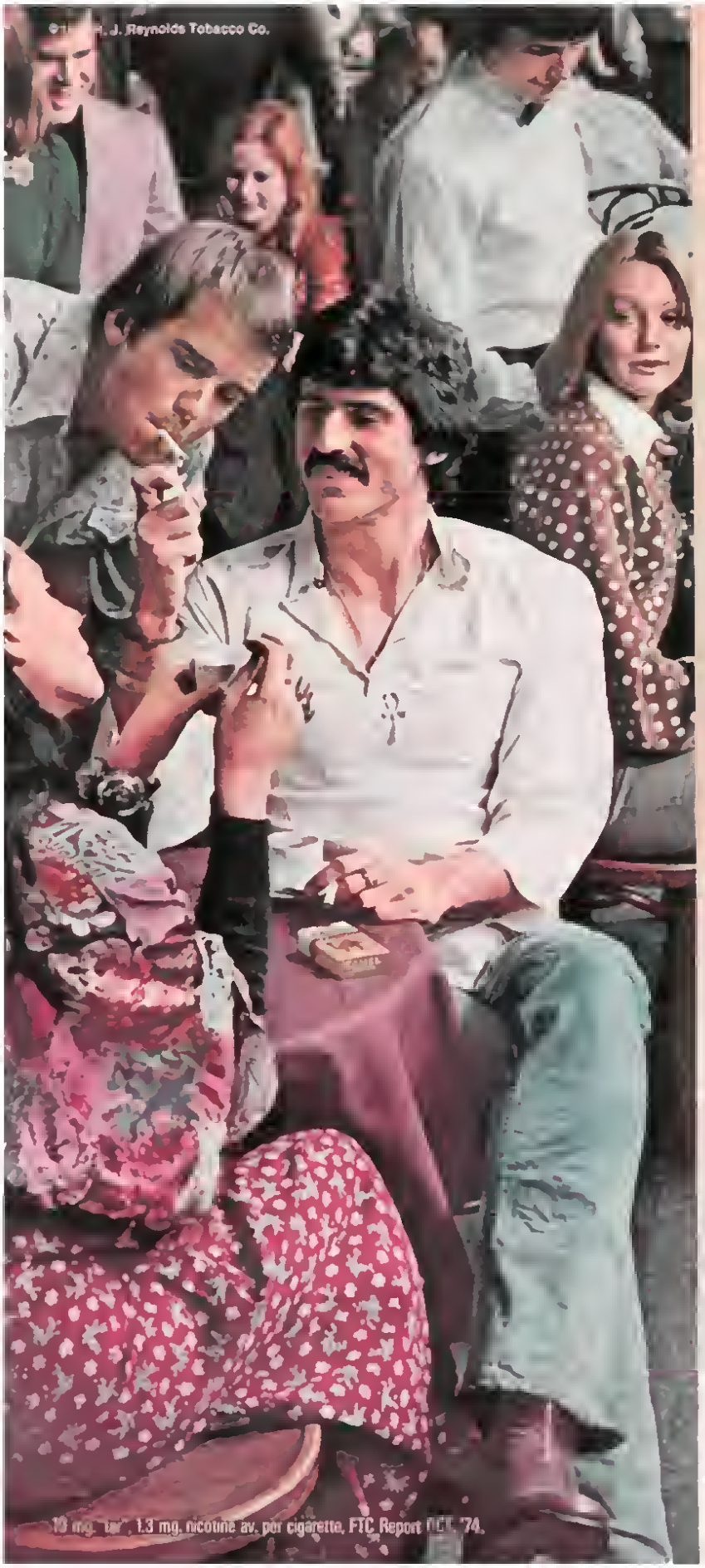
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TOSKI WAS TOP MONEY-WINNER IN 1954

Bob Toski is a teaching golf pro, a man who can explain why your three-wood has chronic hiccups. He has given lessons to rich touring pros and to poor housewives with vacuum-cleaner hands and he earns $100,000 a year for $50-an-hour practice-tee lectures that are a combination of Aristotle's philosophy and Mick Jagger's showmanship.

The man is as popular with the stars as this week's hairdresser. You can find him changing the grip of a duke, presiding over an instructional school at some exotic resort or holding a free seminar at a public course. He also designs courses, clubs and clothes, writes books and occasionally even plays the game.

Toski is a student as well as a teacher, and at tournaments he haunts the locker room, asking players what they think of before they hit a shot. On the practice tee they ask him how their swing looks. His insight is acute, his advice welcome.

Recently he was lecturing at Palmetto Dunes Golf Club, a resort on Hilton Head Island, S.C. that is dedicated to the proposition that old golfers never quit, they just keep flailing away and buying fairway villas. Toski is the director of golf at Palmetto Dunes, and he spends quite a bit of time there, giving clinics, private lessons, even flying in special students for up to a week of concentrated instruction, complete with tape-recorded tips. On this particular day several touring pros clustered about, among them Ben Crenshaw and Tommy Aaron. The Heritage Classic was being played at nearby Harbour Town Golf Links and "Dr. Swing" was in for the week and available for consultation.

Toski already had given a mini-clinic, hitting shots with the club turned backward, helped several resort guests and expounded on the latest swing theories. He looked incongruous, a small man wearing a big white hat. He weighs only 127 pounds, but he is able to hit the ball as far as most pros. Now he was examining the swing of Aaron, a former Masters champion. "He really loves this," said Gary Groh after he had been watching Toski's frenzied work for several hours. Groh, who won the Hawaiian Open in February, once worked for Toski in his golf shop. Jane Blalock, an LPGA star, also worked for Toski. The young players performed such chores as cleaning clubs and picking up practice balls from the driving range for the opportunity to have Toski nurture their golf. The time was well spent.

Their mentor has the reputation of being "a pro's pro," but he prefers to think he can teach anyone to swing a golf club in, as he puts it, "the proper manner." Toski's forte, like Sherlock Holmes', is that he can solve complex mysteries, and there is no greater mystery than the golf swing.

He often says that he has a "gift" for teaching, speaking of it almost mystically, as if he was chosen by some divine being to cure golf's versions of the halt, the lame, the blind. Toski's lexicon is that of an academician. The hole is "the target." The club is "the implement." The golf ball is "the sphere." "Striking action," "reaction to an action" and "application of force" are favorite phrases. When Toski speaks to an audience, the effect is that of political-science students listening to Thomas Jefferson reading the Declaration of Independence.

Bob Toski was 27 years old when he sank a seven-foot birdie putt on the last hole to win the Tam O'Shanter World Championship in Chicago in 1954, beating Earl Stewart Jr. Despite his size, Toski was not the sentimental favorite that steamy day. Stewart's young son

continued

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walked with him every step of the tournament and the large gallery was rooting for the baby-sitting father. Nonetheless, before the final round Toski told George May, the tournament promoter who sat on the first tee wearing a Hawaiian shirt, that he was going to win, and then he went out and did it. It wasn't easy. A seven on the sixth hole appeared to ruin his chances and several times he was heckled by the huge crowd. But when Stewart himself met with disaster on the 16th hole, taking a double bogey, Toski had the lead and, soon after, the victory. First prize was $50,000. It was more than Toski had made since he turned pro nine years before. It changed his life dramatically.

Toski was one of nine surviving children of a mother who bore 13, then died when Bob was five. His youngest brother was retarded. The family lived in Haydenville, Mass., in the western part of the state, and Toski's father struggled at whatever jobs he could find. Toski painfully remembers not wanting to attend school because he had to wear a pair of secondhand knickers given to the family when it was on relief.

He always was small and was given to lying about his weight, and he couldn't become a Class A caddie because he was too tiny, although he played five sports in high school, excelling in basketball. In 1943, his senior year, he was the third-highest scorer in New England, using a sidearm shot that was difficult to block.

That spring he won the state scholastic golf championship and from that moment on, the sidearm shot was forgotten. During a hitch in the Army he won the All-American G.I. Open in Calcutta, and when he returned to the States he decided to join the pro tour.

But first he went to work as an assistant to his brother Jack in Northampton, Mass., using his spare time to hone his game. By the winter of 1948 he felt he was ready and out on the tour he went.

His real name is Algustoski, but he had the prescience to shorten it after it gave a first-tee starter an attack of the stutters in his debut on the pro tour. Toski traveled with Ted Kroll and another pro, Milon Marusic, during those first years, three in a Studebaker. At motels, Marusic would check out the room

continued

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to ensure its cleanliness while Kroll bargained a rate with the manager and Toski slumped in the back of the car. Toski usually slept on a cot, and the trio was charged for only two occupants.

Byron Nelson, Ben Hogan and Sam Snead were the big names at the time. Toski was just a Polish joke, a small one at that. He went broke twice, and his diet, sleeping habits and nerves disrupted his metabolism so much that even today he cannot put on weight. But after six years he won his first tournament, the Insurance City Open. "A lot of kids I teach today are pretty sound fundamentally," he says, "but they can't make a score when it counts. I could. Call it Polish tenacity, but I could do it."

In 1954 he was the leading money-winner with $65,819, topped the Ryder Cup standings (but did not play because of a technicality) and in a six-month stretch won four tournaments. In one of them, the Azalea Open, the first-round leader was a brash young amateur from Wake Forest, Arnold Palmer, who fired a 65 and eventually finished tied for seventh. A few years later, still in his competitive prime, Toski retired to the instruction tee, deciding he would rather be a weekend golfer than an off-season father to his four children.

Golf has had many renowned teachers. Tommy Armour was one. But Armour never taught a high-handicap player. Ben Hogan is generally conceded to know more about the golf swing than anyone, but he does not teach at all. Toski instructs anyone. He once played golf with then Vice-President Richard Nixon and found that "he lacked good arm flow. His rhythm was poor."

As a teacher he demands total attention and patience and when he doesn't get them he has been known to throw his *pupil's* clubs. Toski claims that the old, dour Scottish teachers lacked personality, style and imagination. He has all three and they have served him well as a television commentator and seminar lecturer. At 48 he still competes in an occasional tournament and is looking ahead to being a senior player in two years. "I'm going to cut up a few cats," Toski declares. "I told Snead that."

Toski often can be found on the practice tee at tournaments, dispensing his brand of medicine. He never charges a pro for a lesson, whether he be a star or an obscure club assistant. The pros respect him because he has been a winner, but his special aptitude is his ability to communicate with club players, the businessmen and housewives. His size helps him as a teacher. People relate to it. During his week-long stay at Palmetto Dunes he gave two clinics, one at 9 a.m. on the practice tee, the other an evening lecture that ran for almost two hours. The room was packed with mesmerized fans, many of them carrying copies of Toski's book, *The Touch System for Better Golf*, or scribbling notes, and not a one of them left early.

On his last night at Palmetto Dunes, Toski was on his way to dinner with a man who had been designing and manufacturing a clothing line for him. His Chevy hummed down the road, its path lit by a bright moon and bordered by pine trees. Frank Sinatra was singing *It Was a Very Good Year* on the tape deck, and Toski hummed along, occasionally breaking into song. He was dressed in a suit made by his French custom tailor. He looked good and felt the same way.

"You know, I look back at my career in golf and it's amazing," he said, tapping the steering wheel softly. "I've been toasted by kings and heads of state. I've won. I've been in the winner's circle and I have had all the accolades. I don't need that anymore. I'd rather have people say, 'You're a great man and a great teacher.'

"I've found one thing constant in the golfers I teach. They all want to be appreciated and recognized. Sometimes I think of myself as a psychiatrist, and teaching as therapy. There are failures. I can help people, but some people can't help themselves. They just use me as a pacifier. But you know something, I love it. The Lord gave me this gift, and all I can do is try to share it with people."

Toski talked on about how late in life he finally has acquired self-confidence, how well things seem to be going for him now. Then he smiled. It was the grin of a boy who never again would wear secondhand knickers. **END**



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Huggard counted on assistance from both nature and technology to make his swim a success. In the end, each turned on him



The drift of the century

Boosted by the Gulf Stream, buoyed by a kickboard, towed in part by his boat, Benson Huggard got a "record," but not his goal

The boat captain had been kidding with friends. "We're gonna troll 165 miles for sharks," he said.

"With what for bait?" he was asked.

"A human," he replied.

"How you gonna get one of those?"

"He's a volunteer."

And he was. His name was Benson Huggard, and at 1:20 last Thursday afternoon he paddled off on what was billed as The Swim of the Century, a planned 165-mile marathon from the Florida Keys to Freeport in the Bahamas. Before he entered the water Huggard ordered, "Don't pull me out unless I'm dead." Twenty-nine hours and twenty-five minutes later, not quite dead, Huggard was hauled out of the Atlantic just south of Bimini with "a new record"—at least as far as the Swimming Hall of Fame is concerned. Huggard said he covered 173 miles, since he went off-course from time to time.

Hey, wait a minute, that's an average of more than five mph, and *2.5* mph is fast for even a great distance swimmer. The answer of course is that most of Huggard's route was with the current of the Gulf Stream. Maybe his swim should be called The Drift of the Century.

There is one record that Huggard can legitimately lay claim to, however. He did succeed in making a lot of people more miserable than they had ever been before, including, notably, himself.

This was the scene at midnight. The wind was blowing hard from the north, the Gulf Stream was flowing hard from the south, and the resulting waves, bigger and bigger, were coming in broadside to Huggard in his shark cage. Knives and forks and jars flew around the cabins of the towboat. Sleepless, desperate men, faces white with *mal de mer*, waited through the endless night. One hundred and fifty feet behind them on its towline, Huggard's cage was coming apart. The front end had sunk four feet beneath the water, and the high-intensity underwater light mounted on it was beaming in all directions. It turned the tossing water an eerie aqua in the dark night, illuminating Huggard, still bobbing around inside the cage, occasionally thudding against its sides. When he dared to look back underwater, Huggard could see that the light had attracted dark, menacing shapes, some of them six and seven feet long, nosing at the wire cage. Chunks of Styrofoam flotation pontoons bobbed around the cage as it sank even lower. Huggard, still stroking away, did not have to be reminded that he was inching his way through the Bermuda Triangle.

At dawn he was still swimming, only now the ocean poured over two sides of the cage, bringing with it a Portuguese man-of-war that stung Huggard on a hand and both feet. Absentmindedly, he put his hand in his mouth, getting toxin on his tongue, which began to swell almost instantly. At 5:40 a.m., as he was swigging down a pain-killing Darvon tablet with Coca-Cola, the voice of a reporter from Miami radio station WGBS announced to the world and the men on the boats, "Everything is going swimmingly with Ben Huggard."

"I have a lot of pain," Huggard yelled up at the press boat.

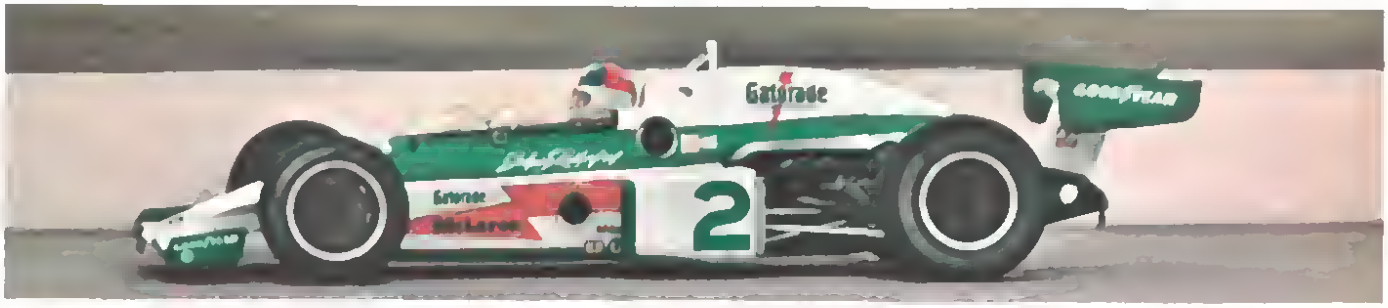
"From the stings?" he was asked.

"Yes," he replied. "It's unbelievable."

Later, Miami's Channel Seven told its viewers of the progress of Benson "Haggard," the malaprop being a lot more apt than the "swimmingly" pun.

Maybe Huggard's grandmother had known best. Twelve days earlier she had offered him $10,000 not to go. When he turned it down, she upped the figure to $20,000, but Huggard still refused. It had seemed so promising then. The 35-year-old Freeport, N.Y. plainclothes policeman, nearing the end of his distance-swimming career, hoped finally to have discovered a way to make some money from his efforts. Personable and handsome, he was counting on talk shows and

continued



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endorsements stemming from this swim. He had never won a race against class competition, but this was no race, and Huggard certainly proved he had determination if not speed.

In 1971 Huggard swam the English Channel from England to France in a slow 15 hours, becoming the seventh American to swim it in that direction. In 1974 he was a member of a relay team that swam from France to England and back. The idea for a swim from Florida to the Bahamas had originated a year ago at a New York dinner honoring Jacques Cousteau. Subsequently the Bahamas Promotion Board became enthused (it was the outfit that suggested Huggard finish in Freeport, on Grand Bahama Island) and sponsors popped up all over the Island—Chambers of Commerce, hotels and a development company.

So Huggard went into training. He and Dick Boullianne, who would be his safetyman, spent $5,800 to have the shark cage built at Long Island's All State Aluminum Corporation. It was 20 feet long, 10 feet wide and 6½ feet deep. Its top was open and its sides were made of nine-gauge aluminum Cyclone fencing. It was designed to take an impact of 4,000 pounds per square inch.

At the last minute there was a change in the starting point. Instead of leaving from Coffin's Patch, a reef at the edge of the Gulf Stream, the boat headed 10 miles south, to a comparable spot off Sombrero Key because, said one of Huggard's handlers, "We didn't like the sound of the word 'Coffin's.'"

Before leaping overboard, Huggard announced another surprise: he would swim with his legs tied together. But this was not just a Houdini stunt; the leg bindings would also hold a small kickboard, 12 by 18 inches between his ankles "for buoyancy." Its use would have been prohibited in any serious race in the world, amateur or professional, but this was no race, and there were no rules. For instance, the "ocean swimming record" Huggard would soon break—91 miles—had been set by a man wearing swim fins!

Huggard yelled, "O.K., fellas, see you in Freeport," and he leaped into the Gulf Stream. Six minutes later three fins were seen heading for him, and he quickly got into the cage. At 2:35 p.m. during his first hourly feeding, he announced that two yellowtail jacks had taken up residence in his cage, one about 18 inches long, one about 12, that they were very good com-

pany and that he had named them Mutt and Jeff. The mood was light. His trainer, Reggie Ballard, told him, "Remember what we told you in the YMCA for your Guppy Badge left hand, right hand. . . ."

At 8:50 Huggard yelled into the microphone rigged on the front of the cage, "I'm really stroking now," and then night fell. Despite several protestations to the contrary from the accompanying press, there were no deaths from seasickness aboard the rolling boats during the night, and in the morning the winds calmed enough to allow a renewal of interest in Huggard. From 7:15 to nine he sat on the edge of the cage as repairs were made to the pontoons even as the Gulf Stream kept carrying him north. Now it was The Tow of the Century.

Later, as he drank more Cokes and ate canned peaches, Huggard complained about his encounter with the jellyfish. He said, "My mouth is so swollen I can hardly eat." And to a query about Mutt and Jeff he replied, "They stayed with me *about four hours, then Mutt ate Jeff, and* he left."

At 1:30 the following afternoon, Huggard began hanging over the side of the cage, heartrendingly ill. For 15 minutes people turned their heads away so as not to see him, and then, though it did not seem possible, he began to swim again. The cage looked solid. For a few hours there was hope. But off Cat Cay the Styrofoam began breaking apart again. At 6:15 that evening, with Dick Boullianne attempting further repairs, suddenly, in seconds, the whole cage sank. Huggard wanted to keep swimming, but he was hustled into the boat, bitterly disappointed, repeating, "I could have made it. . . ."

The crew radioed ahead to Bimini for dock space, and when Huggard's boat pulled in to the Big Game Fishing Club a crowd had gathered, as if a world-record marlin were being brought ashore. They rushed him through the crowd to his room, where they laid him on the bed and covered him with a sheet. He shook hands weakly with a reporter and told him, "I would have gone all the way, but the cage broke up."

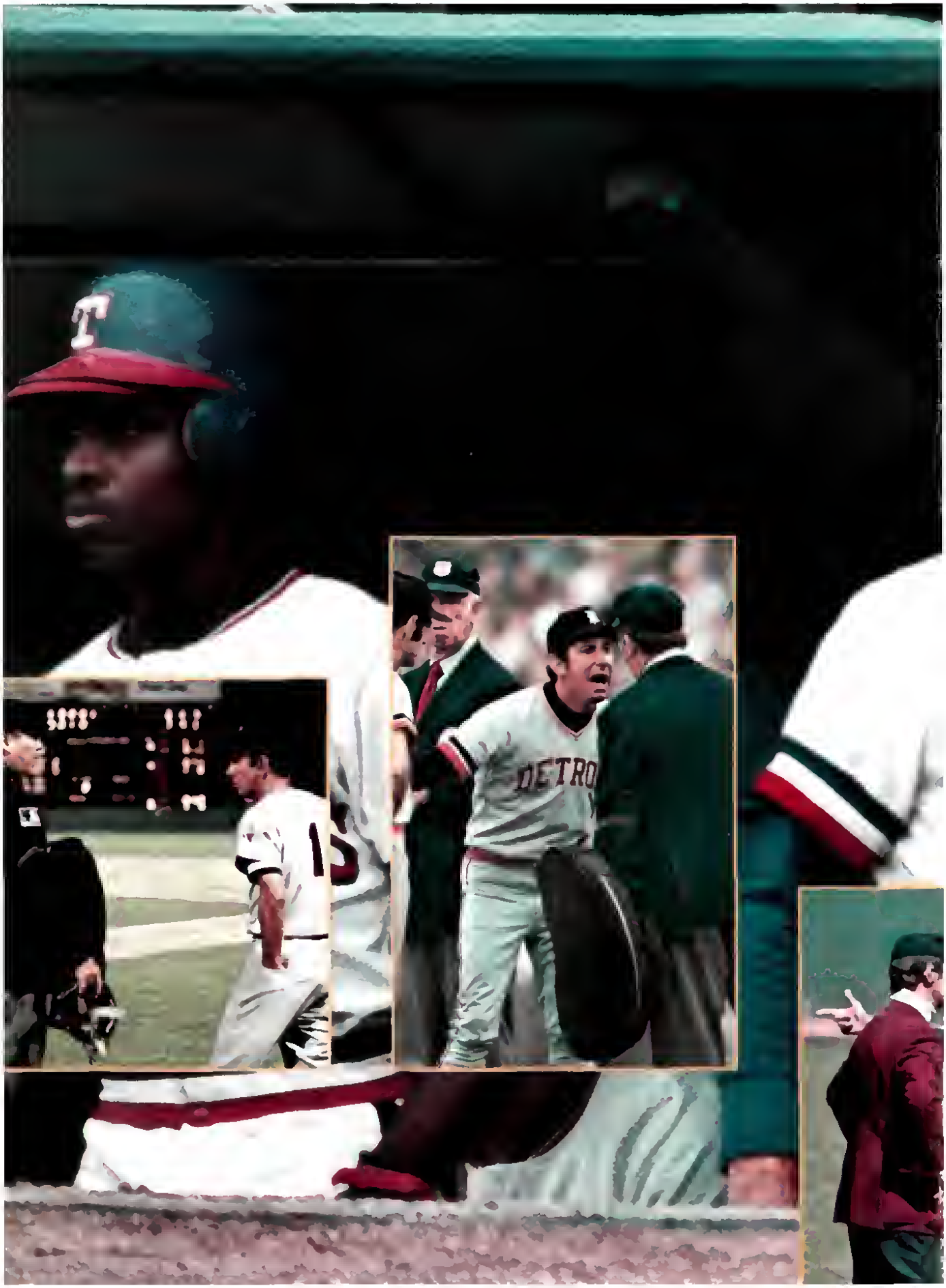
"The Bermuda Triangle tore it apart," said Reggie Ballard.

A nurse interrupted to ask Huggard, "Are you cold?"

"I don't know what I am," Benson Huggard replied. **END**



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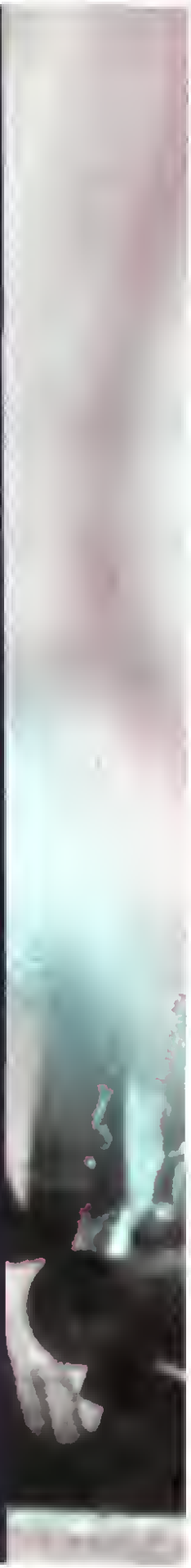




Love, Hate And Billy Martin

The man who turned the Twins, Tigers and Rangers into winners in spite of a brawler's image that jeopardized his career confesses to a 'deep love-pride' in baseball. But he hasn't mellowed, so cross him at your peril

by Frank Deford



CONTINUED



Martin at home with the apples of his eye: son Billy Joe, wife Gretchen.

It was 18 years ago this spring that the Yankees got rid of Billy Martin. He was a bad influence, they said. Nobody saw him land a punch at the Copacabana nightclub when a bunch of his teammates got involved in a scrap with some fellows celebrating the end of their bowling season, but it was Martin's birthday party, and since he had a record for brawling, much of the blame landed on him. Then, the next month, he was in the middle of a big scuffle with the White Sox at Comiskey Park, and was thrown out of the game. Three days later the Yankees sent him to Kansas City for Harry (Suitcase) Simpson. In the clubhouse Mickey Mantle cried. Casey Stengel told Martin, "Well, you're gone. You're the smartest little player I ever had."

In the cheerless cavalcade of the playing career that followed, Martin lasted no more than one season with any team: Detroit after K.C., then Cleveland, Cincinnati, Milwaukee and Minnesota. The late Jimmy Cannon wrote the foam about Martin that all the baseball people blew off their beers: "Now to Cincinnati in another league. And Billy Martin is positive he has come home at last. He always is."

A few years later, when Martin got a chance to manage, he won a division championship for the Twins and was fired, all in his first season. He won a division title with Detroit, but couldn't last out another year. Then Texas. He was Manager of the Year last season. This is his second full season with the Rangers. "It's been a truthful relationship here with everybody," says Martin, a man who prizes truth. "I have a real foundation here. I think I'll stay here for the rest of my career." So now Texas. And Billy Martin is positive he has come home at last. He always is.

The problem is not just that Billy Martin gets in fights and becomes a pugnacious embarrassment for more civil men. Were he merely truculent he would have long since been cut loose from baseball. The problem is that he is a terribly complicated personality—not necessarily sophisticated-complicated, more ironic-complicated. He is a kind of Sir Walter Scott knight errant cast loose into this strange modern world of compromise and convention, where duels are frowned upon and damsels in distress can be put on waivers. Despite all the Donnybrooks, Martin is a man of sweet sentimentality. He believes in absolutes—some might say simplicities—and he is nurtured by the fundamentals of chivalry, which he introduces into conversation as readily as he might order breakfast or argue with an umpire. Words such as loyalty, honor, truth, love, belief and pride surface regularly, and in his universe, where such absolutes rigorously figure, we should not be surprised that Martin also finds liars, back stabbers, cowards, bullies and other blackguards lurking about, anxious to do him in. When in fact they do cross him, he does the only thing left for him to do in his well-defined world, which is to pop them in the chops or, where bosses are involved, to supply the lexical equivalent. Frank Lane, a man never known for being demure, admits that Martin is in a league



"I try to include Billy Joe in everything I can," says Martin fondly.

all his own. "When I've talked like he does," Lane says, "I've always made sure I was talking on a five-year or seven-year contract."

Yet Martin also possesses powerful qualities of organization, inspiration, evaluation and attention to detail that make him nearly peerless among managers. Counting a minor-league season managing Denver in 1968, he has taken four teams with losing records and turned them instantly into winners. This bespeaks more than a touch of genius. Since his abrasiveness draws attention, he also sells tickets, which managers and coaches almost never do, whatever the sport. The enraged citizenry of the Twin Cities and Detroit responded with classic organized American hysteria to his firings—printing up buttons and bumper stickers and indignantly registering their opinions on radio call-in shows. So we can be sure there will always be a home for Billy Martin.

Wherever he goes, Martin wants things his way, and he is not bashful. While it is politic for most baseball managers to utter platitudes about the managerial dependence upon the athletic talent at their disposal and to allow that they can really only do a little bit here and there—a suicide squeeze twice a season, that sort of thing—Martin believes that the manager should be the force about which the team revolves. Copernicus, you may recall, had similar public-relations difficulties with the Establishment over what revolves around what. "A manager can change the outcome in anywhere from 20 to 50 games," Martin proclaims heretically.

Twenty to 50? Why, you're talking about one out of almost every three games.

"Sure," says Martin. "That is, if he's the kind of guy I am, who handles everything himself. I'm not talking about the managers who just make out the lineup cards. *I call everything myself.* Infield in, halfway, back; all the pitchouts; whether to throw through or not. I call a lot of the pitches, too. There's someone out there looking at me before every pitch."

Charley Dressen failed to impress his players with a similar view of self-eminence: "Stay close, boys, and I'll think of something." But while Martin has quipped that the secret of his profession "is to keep the five players who hate you away from the four who are undecided," he has really been quite popular with his minions. What he did learn from studying Dressen—who once, furious and fully clothed, followed the naked Martin into a shower to get the last word—is that confidence need not be confused with majesty.

But if Martin picked up this or that from Dressen and some of the others he played for, Stengel, his patron, is the lone Influence. Indeed, on the days when a breeze blows, so that Martin's dark blue Ranger jacket billows in back above where he jabs his right hand into the rear pocket, a man can take off his glasses, and it seems once more that it is the bandy-legged old man going out to lift Lopat for Page, not merely his favorite protégé about to lift Bibby for Foucault. *Lift*: that is precisely the word. Any hired hand

continued

can change pitchers, replace them, signal to the bullpen; but a man does not truly become a manager until he can *lift* a pitcher. Billy Martin lifts pitchers.

He juggles lineups as well, promiscuously, if not capriciously. He gambles, always forcing the action (as he played). "The manager who runs scared usually gets beat," he declares. He much regrets that the American League permits the designated hitter because that makes managing easier, and with his confidence and skills Martin would rather have everybody in with him a little deeper.

Baseball intelligence seems to have infiltrated Martin by osmosis. When he was 15, 16 years old he was 5′ 5″, 125, mostly ears and nose, playing sandlot ball in the off-season in Berkeley with major-leaguers. He roomed with Cookie Lavagetto while he was still in his teens. The first time Mantle saw Martin, The Kid was telling Frankie Crosetti, a sacred font of keystone wisdom, how it was you made the double play. From Stengel he may have most obtained the psychology of leadership.

"Stengel showed me how you don't even have to mention names to get discipline. That's good." Pause. "Stengel . . ." Martin puts the name off by itself, rolling it in pleasant reverie over the taste buds of the mind. "Yeah, there was this time he called a team meeting. 'Now, first, you lovers,' he began. 'You single guys who are out chasing something all night and you married guys who are telling the girls you're single.' We thought he was gonna stop there. But he went on. 'And you drinkers'—Case was getting some guys more than once—'I'm the only one who is gonna stay up all night drinking.' Everybody was sure he was through then, but he went on. 'And you churchgoers and milk-shake drinkers. Now, it's fine to have some of you guys on a team, but if you don't start showing me some guts out there, if you don't play hard enough for me, I'm going to make every one of you go out and get a double Scotch and a woman.' Oh, he got everybody that time, Casey did. He didn't mention a name, and he got the whole team."

At the batting cage Jim Fregosi, a Ranger infielder, says, "You know, one of the things Billy can do, he can get his point across without naming names. I remember one time last year some pitcher forgot to cover first base. The next day he had the whole staff out there covering first base for a half hour or more. Billy never said a word. I don't think anybody messed up on that the rest of the season."

Finally, although they largely go unnoticed, are Martin's tutorial achievements. In a way they gratify him the most. "When I was a kid," he says, "I never understood what teachers got out of it. But now I know. Why, to see somebody do something you showed them—that's a wonderful feeling. You feel better than if you had done it yourself."

And yet there is always a frenetic atmosphere attending Martin, so that his players must constantly remain at psychological battle stations. "The team was always so tense," said Coach Joe Schultz after Martin was axed at Detroit, "because we weren't sure what Billy was going to do next, personally or strategically." For one thing Martin usually fights a three-front war, battling his own front office while carrying on the traditional attack against other teams and The Men in Blue. The skids were greased for his firing at Minnesota after an argument over the farm system with a front-office subaltern named George Brophy. "If he'd been a younger guy, I'd have punched his lights out," Martin says now. He lets fly these declarations very casually, although one would never assume idly; he and the Twins' traveling secretary, Howard Fox, had already, in fact, exchanged punches in a hotel lobby one 4 a.m. Martin's end at Detroit came about strictly because of his policy disputes with General Manager Jim Campbell, who fired Martin despite advancing the opinion that "foul line to foul line" Billy had been exemplary.

It is not generally known, but Martin stood on the brink twice last year at Texas. In one instance he went to the front office and said that David Clyde, the local fireball sensation, should be sent out for seasoning. No doubt Martin was right; Clyde is in the middle minors now (SI, May 26) playing the title role in *The Von McDaniel Story*. But at that time Clyde was still attracting crowds, and the accountants hated to see him go. So Martin said well then, if Clyde doesn't get farmed out, I quit. The Rangers replied that they would be real sorry to see Billy leave. For once Martin backed down without resorting to either tongue or fists. But then, late in the season, in a perfectly asinine dispute over a players' wives' auxiliary Martin slapped Burt Hawkins, the team's traveling secretary, and his job was in serious jeopardy for a time.

Martin looks even more like a genuine desperado now, thanks to his big, looped mustache, which is certainly more appropriate than the pointed wise guy's face that he owned when he first came up and established his scrapper's reputation with a one-two knockdown of Jimmy Piersall. Before that, back in Berkeley, it had been Martin's jug ears and Naples nose, and the uncomplimentary remarks they occasioned, that had introduced him to fisticuffs. But now, helped by the mustache, he has settled into his looks, and it is neither his nose nor his ears, but his eyes—soulful and dark, brooding more than menacing—that hold one's attention.

The manager uses half glasses for reading, peering over them in a scholarly way, and he relaxes, if he can be said to relax, by drawing on those big U-shaped pipes that one associates with Swiss grandfathers. His desk is littered with pipe apparatus, and with tapes from his country-and-Western music collection, a taste he came to via Mantle. Martin was attracted to country songs by the lyrics —visceral, brutally hurting, soupy and troubled. *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry* is his favorite.

Martin shares his office with Art Fowler, his pitching coach, who has been with him since the minor league year at Denver. The club was 8-22 when Martin arrived. Like King David sending Bathsheba's husband to battle, the Twins urged Martin to go out there in order to get rid of him; feeling guilty, a Twins' executive admitted this later in private. They figured Martin would louse up a bad team more, panic, get frustrated, get in trouble and give them an excuse to zap him. But Martin crossed up the organization by bringing the 8-22 team in 65-50 the rest of the way, and what could the Twins do but hire him? "He's so far ahead of everyone," Fowler says in his Carolina drawl. "And the only difference from Denver's he's got smarter."

Martin was saddled with a coach at Detroit he was convinced was ratting on

continued

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him to the GM—never again. His four Ranger coaches are all his own men, each from a different phase of his life, so that together they know the whole man, but apart each coach knows only his share. It is Martin's wife Gretchen who says, "You see only a small portion of Billy. Of course, he must have designed it that way." Merrill Combs played with Martin in the minors 27 years ago; Charlie Silvera was with him on the Yanks; Fowler was Denver; and Frank Lucchesi was managing the Phillies and Martin the Tigers when they met. The four coaches span his career. There is a great constancy to Martin, and despite all the upheavals in his life he seems to have made each stop have some meaning. And always he keeps harking back to his childhood.

"You know, Billy," he was told the other day, "you ought to write a book."

"Someday I'm going to write a book about my childhood," he replied, although the subject of his youth had not been in the discussion.

That upbringing, despite a father's desertion and a Depression backdrop, was not really unhappy; there was much love for him and no real deprivation. He was born May 16, 1928 in the oldest house still standing in Berkeley; his mother lives there still. Eight months after his birth his father walked away. Mr. Martin is a Portuguese—Por-to-gee (hard g), Martin says—from the Hawaiian island of Maui. Martin's mother is Italian, and he refers to himself as a Dago, but Martin (Mar-*teen* in the Latin pronunciation) is indeed his real name. He was christened Alfred Manuel Martin, but was always Billy, which came from his grandmother calling him *bello*, cute in Italian.

Martin's mother married again, to an Irishman named Downey, but Billy lived next door with his grandmother Selvini, sleeping in the same bed with her until he was 15 and kicking so much they got him a cot. Mrs. Selvini died in 1946 when he was 18; she sang *'O Sole Mio!* on her deathbed. The two major influences in the home in Billy's life were both female—grandmother and mother. As any knight would have, he felt very protective of them.

Martin can remember walking down the street with his mother when he was about 11 years old and flushing with anger when men turned to look her over or whistle. "Now you got to understand," he says, "my mother's only four-eleven, but she's the toughest little thing that ever walked. Oh, you'd like her. She's something. She was good and chesty and had one of those round little Dago heinies, and all that whistling was really embarrassing me. This is my mother. I wanted to fight these guys. She sensed that, and suddenly she turned to me and said, 'Listen, Billy, don't you ever forget that I got the best-looking fanny in town.' "

From his father, his disappearance notwithstanding, Martin seems to have obtained some other hard qualities. Martin is only 5′11″, but his father is big, maybe 6′2″, and Martin always heard that the Por-to-gee was the toughest son of a gun on Maui. But he never saw his old man until one day when he was 14, and his father showed up out of the blue, bringing him a pair of corduroy pants; then he popped up again four or five years later when Billy made the roster of the Triple A Oakland Oaks, and they had a long, even satisfying chat. His father materializes now and again in Oakland, and Martin seems to accept him without emotion one way or the other. The real father-son devotion in his life goes the other way, to his boy Billy Joe, age 10, on whom he lavishes his time and attention. "We do as much together as we can," he says. "I try to include Billy Joe in everything I can when we're home. We have some wonderful times." He pauses and looks away, actually beaming. "Oh, it's so exciting, that kind of love."

Exciting. When was the last time you heard anyone refer to that kind of love as exciting? The thing you must remember about Martin is that he is every bit as intense and compelling about the positive emotions in his life as he is about the negative. It is just that bopping people is what he does in the sector that is being recorded. And he is gloriously candid. Of Umpire Ron Luciano he recently declared, "I don't want him fined, I want him fired." When he beat up on Dave Boswell, one of his best pitchers at Minnesota, Martin graciously provided a full accounting: "He hit me in the temple and the ribs. I just held on, and then I started to hit him in the stomach. I worked up and hit him in the mouth, nose and eyes. He bounced off the wall, and I hit him again, and he was out cold before he hit the ground." But here, too, is the sort of thing Martin does: all of a sudden one day last winter he decided to write Stengel a thank-you note. "I just thought it would be nice to say something good," Martin says. "I just said that I was writing him to thank him for being a great manager and teaching me all the things he did."

Stengel, obviously, was something of a father figure for Martin, and not only because he managed him when he played for the Oakland Oaks and brought him to the majors. Stengel seemed to comprehend Martin, how to direct the furies within him. Once, when Martin was fuming about some slight, Stengel walked over, chucked him under the chin, and cooed, in baby talk: "Ith Li'l Bill-wee mad at naughty Ol' Case?" And yet as much as the two men came to prize one another—"That fresh punk, how I love him!" Casey once rhapsodized in a weak moment—Martin felt that Stengel failed to stand up for him following the Copacabana hassle, and after he was traded Martin literally did not say a word to Stengel for six years.

Martin was 29 when he was sent to K.C.—old enough, a man. But in context the Stengel rejection, coming as it did not long after Martin's first wife ditched him in extraordinary circumstances, really served to extend the pained adolescence of a sensitive, fatherless, unattractive boy—one who could succeed in sports and with his buddies but who could never find acceptance in the respectable grown-up world. Accounts of Martin's disputes with school officials (for fighting in basketball and baseball games) seem no different in substance from what we have 30 years later, Martin railing at Bowie Kuhn or general managers or umpires. We have often wondered what James Dean would have been like in middle age; well, Billy Martin is James Dean in middle age.

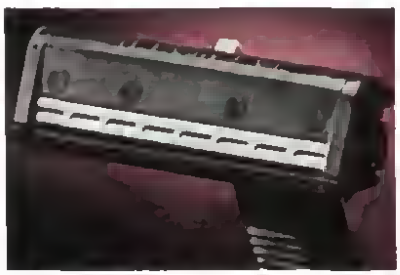
Significantly, the first decision Martin had to make in organized ball came on the day he signed with Oakland and they told him to give up his old street gang buddies. Flabbergasted, he refused. Martin is perfect for baseball because it is the belonging that counts so much, the camaraderie, the men in groups. The players who stay on in baseball as managers and coaches, even as broadcasters, are

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not necessarily the sagest; often they are not the type we expect, for we are looking for the wrong things in the career men. Instead, the only strain that runs through virtually all the oldtimers who stay in the game is that they can't get the club out of their systems.

The club—yessirreebob, baseball is *still a club with a clubhouse. Football is* not a club, or basketball or hockey; they are just teams with locker rooms. So, baseball coaches and managers individually may be smart or dumb, shy or ebullient, city or country, and now even black or white, but almost all will be marked by one trait—a love of that club. Characteristically, at each of his managerial layovers, the first thing Martin has done is to issue edicts more firmly establishing the sanctuary of the clubhouse. In a letter of some 20 paragraphs to the Rangers in advance of spring training this season only one regulation is underscored: "No one, and I mean no one, will be allowed in the clubhouse. . . ."

In order to better remain a part of the club Martin has violated one of the hoariest of baseball traditions by making it his custom to drink with his players. Purists, appalled at this practice, could hardly wait to say I told you so when it was revealed that Martin and Boswell tangled after hoisting a few at the same bar. But *alone* is the worst part of being a manager, Martin says. He doesn't see why he can't have a pop now and then with the other guys on the club. "I've taken the manager off the pedestal and put the team on the pedestal," he says. "Why should the manager get the hotel bar and make 25 other guys go somewhere else? Besides, communication is the name of the game, and you get communication when you drink with someone. Don't give me that baloney about 'my door is always open' because the ones you have to communicate with won't care whether the door is open or closed. You've got to talk to these kids, learn their language. And if you can do that having a drink or two with them, so what? At Detroit I had a guy who needed five drinks. Five drinks, he was going to be MVP. He never was, that's for sure, but he was better for having five drinks with the manager."

Martin came up at a time when clubs were even closer and more homogeneous. There are more cliques now, the kids are

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better educated, have more money and thus are less intimidated. But a team is still a very exclusive club that comes together every day. The one word Martin uses to characterize the year he spent out of baseball—1970—is "lonely." Oh, sure he'd love to get out there and play again, but he was never all that good a player, and the belonging in baseball still means the most.

Martin's closest friend ever, he says, is Mantle, who now lives in Dallas, a vice-president of Reserve Life Insurance. "I was the happiest man in the world when Billy got the job down here," Mickey says, "because it gives me somebody to hang around with." And here is Mantle, who hit 536 home runs and made the Hall of Fame, on what he misses in baseball: "I miss the playing. I still dream of a comeback. I do. Almost every night I still play ball. When Aaron hit that home run last year, I just had goose pimples all over me. When he ran around those bases, I knew exactly how he felt. It almost felt like it was me." It was eight o'clock in the morning, seven years since he last played; Mantle stared out happily into the pale light over his backyard, savoring the old acclaim. "I miss the crowds applauding. I miss the big ovations," he said, smiling.

Billy Martin, who hit .257 lifetime, on the same subject: "What I miss when I'm away is the pride in baseball. Especially the pride of being on a team that wins. I probably was the proudest Yankee of them all. And I don't mean false pride. When it's real on a team, it's a deep love-pride. There's nothing greater in the world than when somebody on the team does something good, and everybody gathers around to pat him on the back. I really love the togetherness in baseball. That's a real true love."

And with this attitude comes the territorial imperative to protect the club, to be loyal to it, to stand up for it, to be a *stand-up guy*. Really, all you have to know about Billy Martin is what Merrill Combs, his coach, says: "All Billy wants is what is ours. And he'll fight to get it. That's all." And Combs hits another fungo. That's all.

It might seem an anachronism that suburban-raised college graduates would give a hoot about whether their managers were stand-up guys who kicked dirt on umpires and threatened to retaliate against brushbacks and all that plug-ugly John McGraw stuff. But it is difficult to talk to any player who has ever worked for Martin who does not start off by referring to his loyalty: Billy Martin is behind you. That sort of thing still matters very much on the clubs. It is worth noting that Frank Robinson, one of the youngest managers and the new breed, for sure, made his biggest fuss last season when he claimed that Bobby Winkles, the college coach the Angels had hired as manager, didn't fight for his men hard enough. Football coaches are generals, but baseball managers are master sergeants.

The one track Billy Martin's mind runs on in this department can best be illustrated by an incident that occurred early this season when he was thrown out of a game by a rookie umpire, Richard Garcia. Martin maintained that Garcia had called a grounder fair only after getting a sign from his colleague at third base, Ron Luciano. Martin swore he had seen his nemesis Luciano give the signal. Garcia denied it. Thus the dispute became much more than a simple matter of judgment; to Martin it was a point of honor. Garcia was not wrong, he said; he could tolerate that. No, Garcia was lying. "Truth," he observed to several newspapermen in his office after the game, puffing on a pipe, reflecting on a favorite theme. "Truth. I don't think you see much of it anymore." He shook his head sadly; it was as if truth were a favorite puppy dog which no longer came when he called.

The newspapermen eyed him warily, as did the coaches. Martin can do a wonderful imitation, complete with darting eyes and shuffling feet, of how strangers react around him, convinced that he is going to haul off and hit them in the nose. You can't be too sure. Certainly nobody took any chances this time. Nobody smiled at all. The newspapermen competed with the coaches at trying to outgrim one another.

Postmortems done, Martin could at last begin to assess the full impact of the situation. "They're out to get me," he declared ominously. "Two National League umpires asked me in spring training why the umpires in my league were all out to get me. And if they're out to

get me, it will be very difficult for my ball club to win this year. I've got to protect myself and my team."

Art Fowler came by, and Martin told him to get a microphone so he could wear it the next day and record any conversations with umpires for use in his defense in the league office's "kangaroo court." Fowler nodded and went to his locker. After so many seasons with Martin, Fowler could work earthquakes without getting perturbed.

"The really sad thing about Garcia," Martin said, picking up the thread again, "is that he had called a good game up to then. He could be a good ump. But he was out to get Martin, wasn't he?" For emphasis, he began to address himself directly to Garcia. "So you're real cute, Garcia. And now it's you and me. Let's see how you handle the pressure that way because you're going to get a lot of it now."

Martin leaned back, relit his big pipe and mused on tactics, a professor addressing a small seminar. An idea came to him. "I'm going to call him Spic or Greaser or Wetback, and see how he likes that," he said. The remark was made *sotto voce* and, understand, it was spoken absolutely without malice or racial antagonism. Indeed, a complaint against Martin is that he favors Latin ballplayers. They remind him of the scuffling minority kid he was 25 years ago—and they return the affection. No, he was not being racial at all, merely pragmatic. This just seemed to him to be the most effective way for a stand-up guy to serve his club in this particular instance.

"They called me Dago and Wop, all that, every day I was growing up," he went on evenly. "That doesn't bother me anymore. I just look through those people. But can this guy? Let's see how he takes it when I walk out there tomorrow and say, 'Hello, Greaser.' Let's see."

As it turned out, Martin decided against using this ploy because he felt that Luciano was the greater threat. He put on a lavaliere mike and went after Luciano even before the game started.

Such controversies and disputes, violent or otherwise, are simply part and parcel of Martin by now. Deadpan, he maintains that he has never started a fight, but even granting that claim he certainly has set a lot of tables. Fights aside, twice he has been fined or suspended for ordering his pitchers to throw spitballs and brushbacks. When he was at Detroit and Baltimore was the chief foe, he orchestrated a feud with Oriole Manager Earl Weaver. Now that Oakland is Martin's Baltimore, he is spoiling for a newspaper scrap with the A's Alvin Dark.

In each case Martin seeks out the best weapons. As he would use ancestry to rattle Garcia, so against Weaver, a coarse little scuffler himself, Martin employed the most basic alley cat approach ("I'm going to take care of him, I'm going to hurt him"), and now for Dark he is plainly fondling his jugular—religion. Martin, who always pins a little gold cross on his cap, suggests that Dark is a Pharisee who wears his Christianity on his sleeve. "Everybody's always talking about my ego or this or that," Martin says a bit testily. "But do these people really know me? The Brat, they dubbed me. But I went to church every Sunday, I prayed to my God. And those people who dubbed me, did they go to church? I gave a car to a priest once. I don't believe anybody in a front office ever gave a car to a priest."

That display of largesse came after Martin was named MVP in the 1953 World Series, which turned out to be the apex of his playing career. His hustle won games—Mantle says Martin really didn't have much besides a good arm which, for a second baseman, is the fifth teat on a cow—but his dustups hardly fit the classic Yankee tradition of dignity, and he was sometimes nearly unstable. Once, Martin broke a leg sliding in spring training. So scared was he that he would never play again that he could not eat, and dropped from 163 pounds to 132 in the two months he had to sit out.

And then one morning, two weeks after his first child, a daughter, was born, his wife woke him and said there was a fellow at the door who wanted to see him. It was a process server delivering her divorce papers. Desperately, Martin fought for his marriage—"out of love, pride, hurt, who knows?"—in the bargain suffering acute melancholia, insomnia and hypertension. A winter's stay with Mantle in Commerce, Okla., where the city boy hunted and fished and funned, ate quail and mashed potatoes for breakfast and ballooned to

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185, may have saved Martin's sanity.

But at least he was with the Yankees then, proudest of them all. After he left New York nothing seemed to work anywhere, and when he slugged Cub Pitcher Jim Brewer in 1960, the jig was really up. Brewer had to have an eye operation, and he and the Cubs sued Martin and the Reds for better than a million dollars—even though all the evidence indicates that Martin only bopped Brewer on the chin (after the pitcher called him "a little Dago son of a bitch," Martin says) and that it was a teammate who hit Brewer near the eye in the melee that followed. After the Reds ditched him, no one else in baseball offered support, even though the case set a nasty precedent in civil courts for intrasport conduct. Martin was saddled with suits for years, and has paid out $22,500 for legal fees and hospitalization. It was in effect the final repudiation of Billy Martin by the Establishment.

In the year and a half more he managed to hang on as a player Martin became a pariah: no longer just a brash pepperpot, in the public mind he was a psychotic who maimed people. So bad was his reputation that when Martin was cut by the Twins just before the '62 season, he turned down a $100,000 Japanese offer because he thought it was crucial to stay in the game here and try to rehabilitate his image. He signed on with the Twins as a $10,000 "troubleshooter" and settled into what became a six-year vocational hiatus.

"I had been knocked down so badly," he says. "The things they said about me. And when I was released, I was determined to come back. I thought: I got to stay in this game. I was going to eat humble pie, but I had to prove to people in baseball that I was a different person than who they thought I was. I'd let them see the real Billy Martin. But some of the stuff would follow me wherever I went. I know I'll never get completely away from it. But they've taken so many cheap shots at me, and I've won so often, I don't care anymore. I don't even take any satisfaction when I win again because it's just their own urine blowing back in their faces. It doesn't concern me."

When the offer to manage Denver came up suddenly in '68, Martin was still so insecure and defensive that his first response was to turn it down. Gretchen, a refined, small-town Midwesterner with Junior League looks, not at all the kind of woman you would expect to have been married to Billy Martin for 16 years, had to stay up with him till one in the morning convincing her husband to reach for the brass ring. Even then, he did not make up his mind until after a long prayerful session in church. Similarly, it took two days of the same sort of emotional gyrations before he finally agreed to head up the Rangers.

Perhaps he fears that it takes too much



out of him, managing baseball. "I love it, I'm very happy," he says, "but I can't ever get away from it. I take it home with me, I take it to bed with me, I wake up with it. And what I feel inside you'll never see on the outside." Always, too, he is on trial in a way that other managers who may be just as obsessed are not. Martin is guilty until proven innocent, and he knows that. Rookie umpires don't throw Managers of the Year out of ball games the moment they say one naughty little barnyard word unless that is the case.

As Martin puts it, he is almost like a gunfighter now, with a reputation that invites challengers. Umpires, executives, journalists, tough guys—each in their ways are looking for a shot at him. He went into a bar not long ago, and down at the other end a guy bet his buddy he couldn't beat up Billy Martin. So he snuck up behind Billy and decked him. When Martin got up he took the fight to the aggressor, ruining his clothes and face in the process of playing catch-up ball. When he got home he said, "Gretchen, you'll never believe this, but I was just sitting there. I didn't say anything, I didn't do anything. It just happened." And what did she say? "She said, 'You're right, I don't believe it.' "

The world is always out to get Billy Martin—he is right—because the world cannot afford to tolerate Billy Martin. It would all come apart at the seams if we acted like him. This is another reason why we have commissioners. But nobody is going to do Billy Martin in, because he believes in himself as surely as he believes in the other things he fights for. "I don't care what the others think," he says. "I've always been the toughest critic of myself, and the only one I want to know me is Jesus Christ. They talk about my temper. Well, I haven't seen a good race horse yet who wasn't high-strung. And anyway, temper is a wonderful thing if you can control it and it doesn't control you. Jesus Christ took a whip to the money changers, right? Well, that's a temper, and that's not a bad guy to follow. The way I see it, my temper is a great ally. It is what has pushed Billy Martin."

And then, he has another edge on more temperate people in that he doesn't need a name on a mailbox to tell him where home is. Martin is at home wherever he pulls on a uniform and walks out there to get "ours" for the club. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week May 19-24

PRO BASKETBALL NBA Steadily converting chokers into champions, the Golden State Warriors routed Chicago 140-114 to lead in their championship series with Washington, which had been a monumental favorite. The Bullets let the Warriors slip by 92-91 in the second game and couldn't close Rick Barry in the third, blowing 109-101 *(page 30)*.

ABA Kentucky, en route to its first league title, was sidetracked by Indiana only in the fourth game, when the Pacers defeated the Colonels 94-86 at Indianapolis. Pacer George McGinnis broke out of his slumping slump with a 22-point, 21-rebound performance, and teammate Billy Keller provided the clutch baskets. The comeback was short-lived, however, as the Colonels withstood a 40-point effort by Billy Knight to take the fifth game 110-105 in Louisville and wrap up the series 4-1. Colonel Louie Dampier, who was named playoff MVP, scored 26 points and grabbed a playoff record 11 rebounds to the delight of the 16,622 fans in Freedom Hall. The Colonels thus ended seven weeks of brief time during which they won more regular-season games than any other club but have a championship.

BRIDGE The LANCIA touring team, composed of Italian grand masters Benito Garozzo, Giorgio Belladonna and Pietro Forquet, plus Hungarian Oreste Sbardi, lost its second straight match in the U.S. Team Trials this week at New York's Hotel Americana. Alan Sontag, Peter Weichsel, Matt Granovetter and Ron Rubin rallied the champs' coming from behind to win the first four boards of the 60-board contest. Three days later in Los Angeles, Eddie Kantar, Bill Eisenberg, Richard Katz and Larry Cohen crushed Lancia. The double-dealer cost Marcia Mignot III automobiles valued at $8,000 each—and matches in Chicago and Miami Beach still remain.

HOCKEY NHL After 11 straight games without a victory over the past two years, the Buffalo Sabres finally broke the ice to defeat the Philadelphia Flyers in the third and fourth games of their Stanley Cup championship series to knot the playoffs at 2-2. In a game in which the players were hampered by humidity, heat and fog (*page 24*), Rene Robert of the Sabres shot 1:20 before period's end to give the Buffalo Parent-to-Perreault-to-Martin-to-Robert power play a second at 15:863 in Buffalo to edge Philadelphia 3-2. Robert scored again between Parent's saves with 1:10 remaining in the first overtime period. Heat and moisture made it impossible to see from that end, Robert said later. He had directed a drive from Parent's left and came in right on the net. There was no big hit and big set, just a quick and smart play that got the puck past Gerry Desjardins of Buffalo behind goalie Arnie Dupont and Rene Lamberte. Before the Flyers left the ice, Lamberte had set up Parent for the clincher.

HORSE RACING SARSAR ($5) ridden by Willie Shoemaker, came from third place at the head of the stretch to win the one mile, $60,600 Withers Stakes in 1:34[4]. Two lengths ahead of Laramie Trail at Aqueduct. The only filly of the 13 entrants, Sarsar became the first member of the distaff side to capture the Withers since Biggonet in 1886.

Leading all the way, HILLA CHIEF ($4.60) Jim Powell riding, won the $41,200 Jack R. Johnston Memorial Handicap covering the 6½ furlongs in 1:16⅗ at Sportsman's Park in Chicago. Bala finished second, 1½ lengths back.

SOCCER NASL League leading scorer Steven David of Miami picked up a goal in his sixth consecutive game for a league record against Washington, which the Tecos defeated 3-1. The New York Cosmos beat Toronto 5-1, putting them in first place in the Northern Division. Bremen Shmit still defending league talk holder, the Angeles 3-0. Minnesota Steve Malkedew scoring twice and assisting on the third goal. Dallas halted a three-game losing streak in the process stopping Denver's three-game winning streak by beating the Dynamo 3-1. Kick Rote Jr. of the Tornados had a goal and an assist. San Jose found a way to beat Chicago in each but won three straight, handing the Stings a 1-5 tie-breaker loss. Gordon Hill tallied twice in a losing cause. With this win the Earthquakes moved into third place in the Western Division, while Los Angeles dropped to fourth. The visiting Israeli national team played exhibitions against Philadelphia and New York and emerged unbeaten, drubbing the Atomic 10-0 and tying the Cosmos 1-1.

TENNIS FRANCE defeated Yugoslavia 3-0 in all singles to the semifinal of Group B in the European Zone of Davis Cup competition. The French finished the sixteen when the doubles team of Patrice Dominguez and Francois Jauffret beat Nikola Pilic and Zeljko Franulovic 9-7, 1-6, 6-4, 6-1.

TRACK & FIELD Israeli-born BORIS DOV DJER ASSEE of Southern University recorded the fastest U.S. summer throw this year with a 222-6 toss during the 90th IC4A Outdoor at Williamsburg, Va. His javelin flew 215-8. JAMOSS OGILVIE LASSITER of Villanova ran at 11,000 pace during the first three quarters of the race, then turned in a 55-4 for the final 440 to win in 3:59.1 of the same event. A former Duke star, Lassiter caught up to Dick Taylor of the three-mile in 13:38.8.

MILEPOSTS HIRED: [illegible] GEORGE [illegible] the ABA Indiana Pacers [illegible] seeking a temporary restraining order against the Philadelphia 76ers, who own the NBA draft rights. The high scoring 6'8" forward is interested in signing with the New York Knicks.

LIQUIDATED: MASERATI, Spa of Modena, Italy, builder of Formula I racing cars as well as high performance luxury vehicles, after several years of sizable decline. The company was started in 1926 by three Maserati brothers but had no greatest racing success following its purchase in 1938 by the Orsi industrial combine. Maseratis driven by Wilbur Shaw won the Indianapolis 500 in 1939-40, and Juan Manuel Fangio won his fifth World Driver's Championship in a Maserati in 1957. The company phased out its racing activities in the mid-'60s.

RESIGNED: BOB MacKINNON, 47, as head coach of the ABA Spirit of St. Louis after nine seasons and a third place finish in the Eastern Division with a 35-55 record. He has accepted the post of director of player personnel with the NBA Buffalo Braves, for whom he had been an assistant for two seasons.

TRADED: Phoenix Suns Guard CHARLIE SCOTT to the Boston Celtics for reserve Guard PAUL WESTPHAL and 1975 and 1976 second-round draft picks. The Suns' top setter, Scott averaged 24.3 points per game this season.

VOTED: The withdrawal of recognition of Rhodesia and its exclusion from the 1976 Olympics by the International Olympic Committee in Lausanne, Switzerland. The 41-26 vote excluded Rhodesia's team participation by black Africans against the Ian Smith regime from participation in Rhodesia.

DIED: Professional track competitor and former football player PAUL GIBSON, 26, from injuries resulting from an auto accident in El Paso, Texas. Winner of the 1970 NCAA high hurdles title while at CCLP, Gibson played one game as a wide receiver for the Green Bay Packers before signing with the IHA last year.

DIED: ROBERT MOSES "LEFTY" GROVE, 78, brilliant pitcher for the Philadelphia Athletics (1925-33) and Boston Red Sox (1934-41) and a Hall of Famer, of an apparent heart attack in Norwalk, Ohio. Grove, whose lifetime won-lost record was 300-141, led the American League in strikeouts four times while his pet peeve times strikeouts seven times and ERA nine times. The lefty Grove was most proud of the five seasons (of his 17) he struck out Babe Ruth and Bob Meusel in nine pitches. Engaging in what the Yankees had the temerity to call "friendly" games, Grove had the temerity to win 24 of them.

CREDITS

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FACES IN THE CROWD



JEFF PALMER, a senior at Spring Grove Area (Pa.) High School, became the first pitcher in the 50-year history of the York County Scholastic Baseball League to hurl a perfect game. He struck out six and hit a grand slam home run in the 16-0 win over Northeastern.



ANDREA CROSS, 12, of St. Joseph, Mich., set state age group records in the 50- and 100-yard freestyle (35.7 and 1:16.7) and the 100-yard butterfly (1:02.1) and was named Most Outstanding Swimmer in her age group at the AAU State Championships in Royal Oak.



TODD HEIMER, pitcher for baseball powerhouse Seton Hall University, won his first game of the season as he also hit his first home run. He ripped four home runs against Wagner College. Todd's next hit was another homer. He hasn't hit one since, but leads the pitching staff with a 6-0 record.



CRAIG SAINT-AMOUR, a senior swimmer at Babson (Mass.) College, was voted All-America for the third time. Babson's first All-American ever, Craig specializes in the freestyle and holds nine school records, with 83 firsts and eight seconds at Babson.



CURTIS WRIGHT, 70, of Penllyn, Pa., competed in his first track meet in 50 years and won the long jump (8-10¾), the 50-yard dash (8.2), the 440 (1:31.4) and the shotput (19-2½) in the 70-75 age group at the U.S. Indoor Masters Championships in Hightstown, N.J.



CHUCK EBY, an Ohio State senior, became the first pitcher ever to win four consecutive NCAA regional titles as he took this year's Mid-West District collegiate Championships with a score of 1,367 out of a possible 1,500, leading the Buckeyes to the team title.

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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BILLIE JEAN

Sir:

Frank Deford's piece on "El Chubbo" (*Mrs. Billie Jean King!* May 19) obviously required "no sweat." His facts are most definitely "where it's at," with no engaging in any "party pooping" for him. The article was an application of the "way-to-hustle" theory and certainly doesn't "tick me off." In fact, "dear hearts," it's really "tight city." If you have read the article, you will understand how there is "no way" the "vibes" about this lady could be more "right on." As Mr. Deford's reward for this "truly beautiful" sketch of Mrs. King, I will simply say that I'm convinced "I've just got to love it." Thanks.

SUE CARINI

Kenmore, N.Y.

Sir:

Please include my name among the 85,712 "honeys" who have been suckled with a "poison pen." At first, Frank Deford makes a laudable case, propounding that Billie Jean King is "the most significant athlete of this century." But later he characterizes her as "the little woman" and "this broad."

Talk about conditioned reflexes! Even Pavlov's dogs would be howling.

CHARLES RABIN

Lincoln, Neb.

Sir:

You forgot to mention that Mrs. Billie Jean King also has the best of both worlds. Or does she have a Selective Service number, too?

SAMUEL A. NIGRO, M.D.

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sir:

Why, oh, why, does Australia (and a *few* other countries) produce exceedingly fine tennis players who are ladies and gentlemen, while we of the United States produce such distasteful champions as Billie Jean King and Jimmy Connors?

EDITH LANG BLAKE

Detroit

Sir:

The lofty place in the annals of sport assigned to Mrs. Billie Jean King by Frank Deford, although certain to spark controversy, is nevertheless legitimate. Any numerical ranking of significant athletes may be debatable, but the presence of Mrs. King in the top ranks cannot be questioned.

Since I first read about her more than 15 years ago, I have followed Billie Jean from her early court triumphs through her growing effect on tennis—indeed, on society. As is the case with most individuals who dominate the news, she reaps both plaudits and venom from the public and sportswriters. She is, perhaps, an eccentric, but in the very best sense. It is largely because of Billie Jean King that young females across the country are actively involved in sports as never before. For that, if for nothing else, she deserves unmitigated praise.

DEVON J. METZGER

Bloomington, Ind.

Sir:

Billie Jean King has done an immeasurable service (pardon the pun) for tennis, women's sports and people in general. The article and Mrs. King are right on, way out and truly beautiful.

WILLIAM CONRAD

Emmaus, Pa.

Sir:

I remember Billie Jean's passion to play artistically. A pudgy 14- or 15-year-old girl named Moffitt came to the Eastern Pennsylvania Championships at Haverford, Pa. Her partner in a mixed-doubles match was Donald Dell, a seasoned Davis Cup player. The match started badly for Billie Jean. Her complaints were long and loud, but this rudeness was directed at herself and nobody else. In about the third or fourth game it was her turn to serve, and suddenly things got a lot better. "It's about time," she shouted. With the score 30-love, she put her first serve in and followed it to the net. When a lob came back, she smashed the ball and it hit the chalk and bounced over the backstop—a brilliant shot.

At this point she clammed up and then stomped, lips compressed, back to the baseline. Aside from a gasp from the crowd there was a dead silence, until Dell, who had been left a mere spectator at the net, was heard to mutter, "Why don't you play better, Billie Jean?"

CHARLES PERRY

Bryn Mawr, Pa.

CLIMBING CLEAN

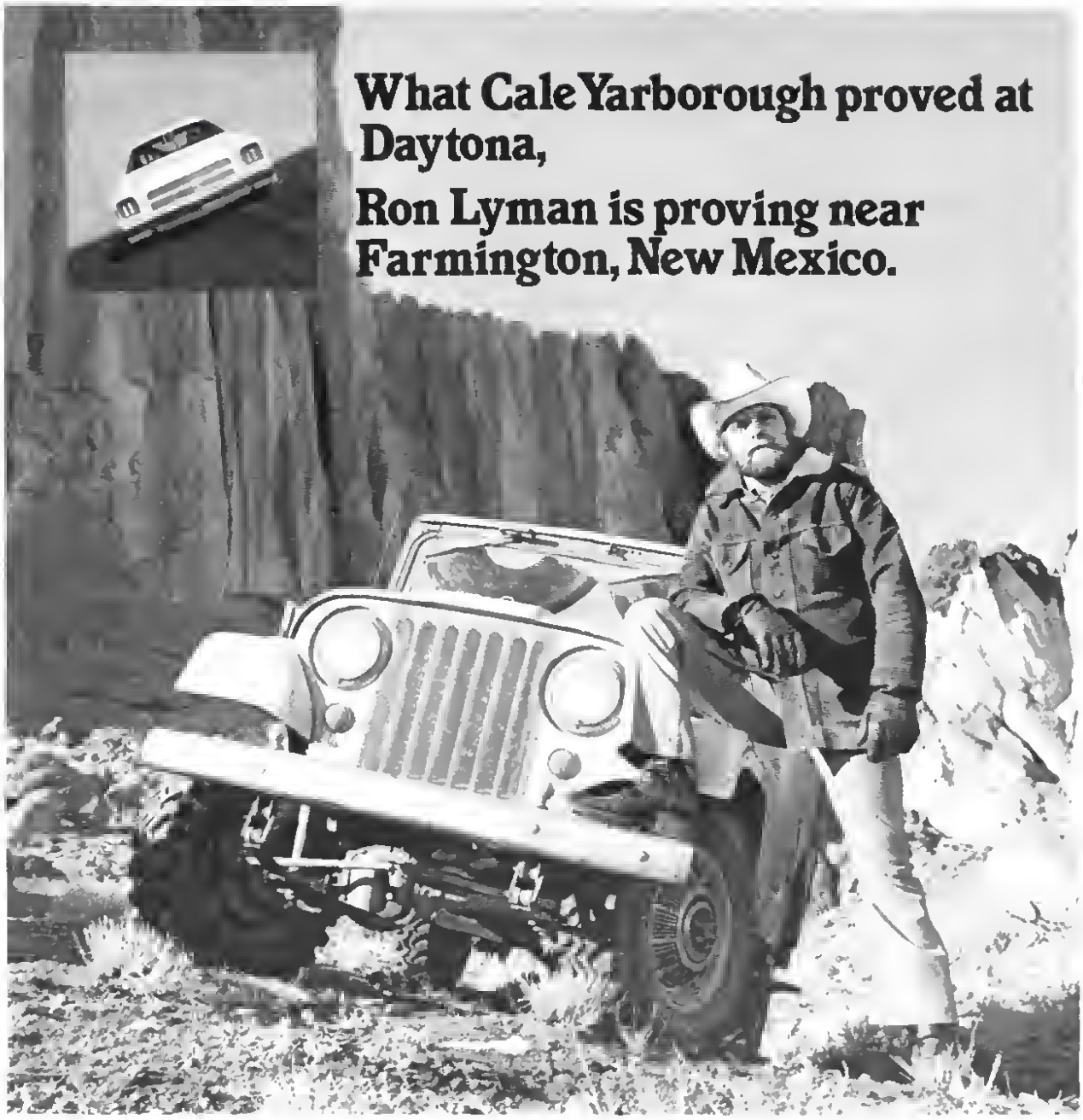
Sir:

I must compliment Barbara La Fontaine on a beautiful and very pertinent article on the ever-increasing problem of too many people taking up the sport of rock climbing.

continued

What Cale Yarborough proved at Daytona,

Ron Lyman is proving near Farmington, New Mexico.



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(*Reasons Why—and Why Not*, May 19). As an avid participant, I do a lot of backpacking in the Rockies. I have seen the damage done to the rock by pitons and bolts. They leave an indelible scar. Since there is an alternative—the nut and sling—why not use it? Where a piton can go a nut can almost always go, with a great deal less permanent damage.

JOHN DYE

North Platte, Neb.

Sir:

Free climbing is a much more challenging and rewarding form. I was pleased to see some mention of this very demanding sport.

LEE D. UXLEY

Galion, Ohio

RAU'S WOLF

Sir:

Ron Rau's account of his meeting with a tundra wolf (*Showdown on the Tundra*, May 12) reads in part like the stories of wolf encounters that used to appear in *Alaska Sportsman* magazine in the '30s and '40s. The important difference is that Rau did not leave the animal in a pool of blood.

Whether Rau would have done so had he had a gun is another question, but I suspect he would have acted with the same presence of mind and a similar respect for life. Rau no doubt will never forget his encounter, any more than he is likely to forget the sight of that caribou antler shattering as it hit the ground. It is an experience any sportsman would envy—a moment of truth with a wild animal.

It is to be hoped, as this magnificent creature continues to fight for its life in Alaska against men who regard it only as a nuisance, that the wolf will have more encounters with men who know how to touch something wild without a gun.

BARRY LOPEZ

Finn Rock, Ore.

Sir:

What kind of claptrap was that Rau article about the "fierce" wolf on the Alaskan tundra? How about a follow-up piece on "Rhode Island's most dangerous animal, the killer cottontail"?

I'll bet there are more people maimed by faulty washing machines in Des Moines on an average Tuesday than are wounded by wolves on our entire planet in a given decade!

TOM MCKNIGHT

Los Angeles

THUNDERING HOOVES

Sir:

Please enlighten us as to the fate of Photographer Jerry Cooke after he snapped the picture for your May 12 cover on the Kentucky Derby. Certainly he must have been trampled to death, or worse.

GARY P. DOBBS

Childersburg, Ala.

• Cooke was never as far out in the track as the photograph makes it appear. And when the picture was taken he was not even there. He had mounted his camera on a metal plate, painted black so as not to reflect light into the horses' eyes, and secured it under the rail. As the leaders came into view, he used a remote-control system to trigger the shutter.—ED.

RADIO'S KING

Sir:

Ron Fimrite's article on Bill King (*Lucky Devil, He Found Heaven*, May 12) was a good change-of-pace story. After finishing it, I had the feeling that King was being touted as one of the best radio sports broadcasters in the business. I do not dispute that point. However, I would love to hear a best-of-seven series of radio sports broadcasts between

continued

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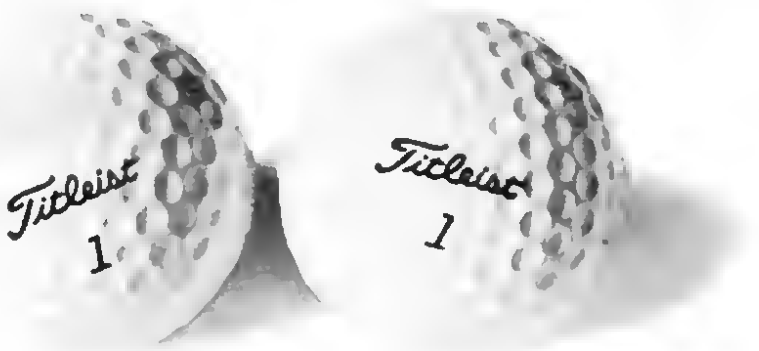
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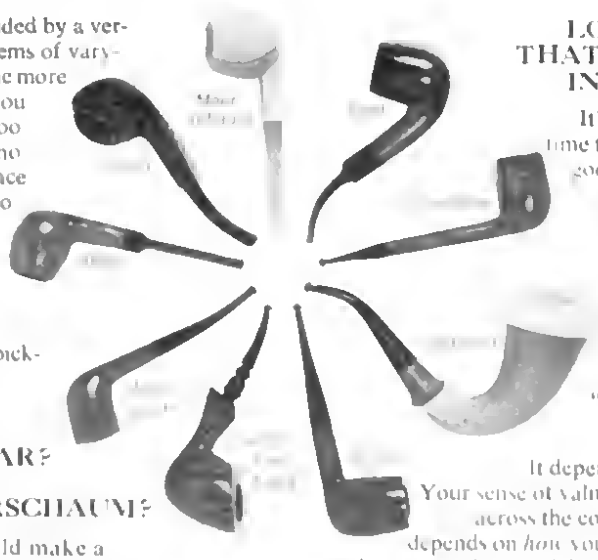


Regular Titleist Pro Trajectory

How to select a pipe.

Do you know your Bent from your Bulldog?

There you are. Surrounded by a veritable forest of bowls and stems of varying shapes and sizes. Each one more inviting than the other. If you happen to be confused by too much of a good thing, who could blame you? Now since Amphora makes pipe tobacco for a living, we think we're in a pretty good position to guide you through this confusion of profusion by giving you some objective advice on picking a pipe.



WHICH ONE? BRIAR? CLAY? CERAMIC? CORN COB? MEERSCHAUM?

Technically, you could make a pipe from cast iron. Or tinfoil. Or glass. But you wouldn't want to smoke them. Because like so many things, some pipes are more practical and functional than others. Here's a quick view of a few of the best.

Briar. Most pipe pros consider it the best simply because it's porous. That means it can expand and contract to the heat and cold of the pipe. This reaction lets the briar alternately absorb and squeeze out the natural oils of the tobacco. Which is one of the ingredients in a more pleasurable smoke.

Meerschaum. The matinee idol of pipes. One that you put on display like a piece of white porcelain. Which in fact, it resembles. Both in looks and brittleness. Now there are some who feel that Meerschaum smokes better than briar. We don't happen to agree. If you want to smoke a piece of art which is what a hand-carved Meerschaum really is, that's fine. But if you want a pipe you can be comfortable with, stay with a briar.

Corn Cob. A comedic pipe. But one that's faithful and true. It can give you a good smoke for your money. Cobs are naturally porous. But they have something else going for them, too. They're inherently sweet and often add some of that personality to the tobacco.

Clay. Not very porous. A bit too brittle. And has the tendency to self-destruct before its time has come.

Ceramic. A good looking colleague of clay and with many of the same drawbacks. Ceramic pipes have the unfortunate characteristic of leaving an after-taste. They can be handsomely decorated. But too often they look better than they smoke.

Rosewood, Cherry Wood & Other Woods. Just aren't up to the performance of a good, high-born briar. For one thing, they're soft. Which means they can easily char and burn out. And transfer their own flavors to the tobacco.

LOOK FOR A PIPE THAT'S COMFORTABLE IN YOUR MOUTH.

It's going to be spending a lot of time there. Look for a pipe that has good weight and balance. So that it's comfortable in your hand, too. Be sure that the stem and the bit match up perfectly. And finally, feel inside the bowl to be sure there are no imperfections lurking there.

"O.K. WHAT SHOULD I PAY FOR A PIPE?"

It depends. On your wallet. Your ego. Your sense of values. A motorcycle can take you across the country. But so can a Rolls. It all depends on *how* you want to get there. Same thing with a pipe. A $10 model might be sculpted from the same quality briar as a $150 pipe. And both could smoke equally as well. But chances are there are some imperfections in the $10 pipe. What's more, there's certainly a lot more tender loving care that goes into a handcrafted pipe than a less expensive machine-made model. So you pays your money, and you takes your choice.

SPEAKING OF CHOICE...



No matter what kind of pipe you buy—a $1.75 corn cob or a $100 straight grain briar—there's one thing you should remember. A pipe is only as good as the tobacco you feed it. That's why so many knowledgeable pipe smokers light up with Amphora. Its extra mild taste has made it exactly what it is today. America's best selling Cavendish pipe tobacco.



SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE

Our new brochure, "A Man and His Pipe," is packed full of information designed to increase your pipe smoking pleasure. If you would like a *free* copy, or if you have any specific questions on pipes and pipe tobacco, drop a note to the President, Douwe Egberts, Inc., *Bldg. 5*, 8943 Fullbright Ave., Chatsworth, Ca. 91311.

That's moving. That's Bill Muncey in the Atlas Van Lines unlimited hydroplane. Bill and the Atlas boat will be moving on the hydro racing circuit this year at speeds around 200 mph. If you're near a racing city this year, take in one of the most spectacular events in sports. Unlimited hydroplane racing at its best.



And this is moving, too. This is the beautiful Atlas van that's moving more and more families each year. But the Atlas beauty is more than just a pretty van. The beauty of Atlas is in the dedicated men and women behind our vans, who are doing their level best to make your next move your best one.

we're making moving better.



Atlas Van Lines

World headquarters • Evansville, Indiana

19TH HOLE

King and Joe Tait, the radio play-by-play announcer for the Cleveland Cavaliers.

Radio listeners would be in for a classic confrontation. Tait makes foul shots and time-outs sound exciting, but when a 20-foot jump shot by a Cavalier wins a game with two seconds left on the clock, you will probably have to buy a new speaker for your radio. King must be good, but I wouldn't bet against Tait over seven games.

JAMES Q. ROEMER

Columbiana, Ohio

Sir:

I thought Ron Fimrite's article on Bill King was fantastic. Since moving to the Bay Area, I have become an avid fan of its teams and have found that the excitement of the game is transmitted brilliantly by King to his listeners. Whether at home or at the games, my ear is always glued to the radio, listening to King's superb play-by-play.

GARRY VIGNON

San Francisco

SUPER MACS

Sir:

Your article *Playing Ketchup Out West* (May 12) gave much-deserved recognition to baseball's team of the future. It is clear that the San Diego Padres are no longer "patties." Clobberin' Dave Winfield, 23, has established himself as one of the National League's most feared hitters. Sweet Swingin' Johnny Grubb, 26, has proved through consistency the ability to be a perennial .300 hitter. Sluggin' Mike Ivie, 22, is one of baseball's brightest and most exciting rookies, and Willie McCovey, 37, the Big Mac himself, is still one of the league's most feared home-run hitters.

STEVE STRAUSS
BARRY NUSSBAUM

Claremont, Calif.

Sir:

If Dave Winfield is a superstar, who are the everyday, run-of-the-mill stars? By our count, 81% of major league baseball players are superstars. Not to be outdone by representatives of the ostensible national pastime, a whopping 92% of the NBA players would put themselves in the superstar category. What is particularly disturbing is that the vast majority of these seem to be rookies who have had but one good year.

This lack of humility supports our thesis that pro athletes are in a state of arrested adolescence.

MARK TROXEL
BILL TROLINGER

St. Paul

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Arrow

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